



ONCE A WEEK

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GROVER CLEVELAND.

ONCE A WEEK

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JULIUS CHAMBERS

EDITOR.

RECENT election returns show that independent political action is beginning to be popular.

HAIL, Superintendent THOMAS BYRNES, the leading detective officer of your day and generation!

AGAIN MR. BLAINE is in the field. No friend who really understood him ever believed him out of it.

MAX O'RELL likes to be interviewed by newspaper men, and so in fact does every prominent man who is worth interviewing.

A CHEERY sign of the times is the defeat of the insanity dodge in almost every important criminal case. The jury of twelve is pulling itself together.

MURDERER HARRIOTT, hanged in New Jersey, is reported to have died in great agony. The State might have compelled him to live in punishment and usefulness until death called him to his other reckoning.

THE Khedive of Egypt is rejoicing over his recent investiture by the Sultan of Turkey. England must think a very commonplace toy will please the young Egyptian, who imagines he is under the Crescent, instead of the Union Jack.

MICHIGAN'S Presidential candidate is General RUSSELL A. ALGER. With true Wolverine straightforwardness, he says he is seeking the Republican nomination. The General is respected by all who know him, without distinction of race, color, creed or politics.

BOSS RULE in politics tends to embolden the bosses. Then comes a reaction and the people rise up. But the question now occurs: Shall the people allow bossism to cure itself? We say, No. It is clear that caucuses and primary conventions must be more carefully hedged about by stringent penal laws than they are at present.

WITH every copy of this issue goes a bound volume containing FRANK STOCKTON's latest novel, "My Terminal Moraine." All readers should see that they receive the book as well as the newspaper, because it is written in STOCKTON's deepest vein, and everybody knows that he is the cleverest short-story writer in the English language. We are determined that every person who begins to read ONCE A WEEK shall not give it up. It is quite as great an art to retain friends as to make them.

THERE has been no news recently of rioting or plotting in Russia. The pangs of popular hunger there have been alleviated by American thoughtfulness, and a quiet thankful content seems to have succeeded the Nihilist bomb and the ominous mutterings of popular discontent. It is an object-lesson for the Czar. The Bureaus have ceased to rob and oppress the people, because there is nothing left to steal, and even a Russian Bureau will not oppress a hungry people. When plenty returns, and the great Russian plain once more bends golden before the caressing midsummer breeze, how much better will it look—in the eyes of those who

sent the *Missouri* and the *Conemaugh*—if the tax-gatherer and the petty oppressor are not there to gather the choicest sheaves!

YOUTH IS EVERYTHING.

YOUTH is the gift of heaven. It is the most splendid conception of the divine mind. To a man it is worth the supremacy of the world. A woman will exchange her immortality for it. To a newspaper, likewise, it is all-important. It comprehends activity, dash, pure blood, honest emotions, sincerity, strength. A newspaper that attains success during its days of youth forever remains young. Years do not age it or dull its intelligence. It has not eaten its heart out with anxiety or allowed its blood to be thinned by corroding cares. Pride of success it may justly feel. Arrogance it never can assume, because to be arrogant is to be conceited, and conceit is not an attribute of youth.

Such is the position of ONCE A WEEK to-day.

UNDER THE YANKEE THUMB.

THE American Union is accused of attempting to bring South America under its thumb. The accuser is Señor MAXIMILLANO IBÁÑEZ, in a series of articles in the *Independence Belge*, one of the most influential organs of European diplomacy. The able and shrewd, but somewhat easily frightened, Señor calls upon England, France and Germany to combine with Brazil, Chili and Argentina to thwart the designs of Yankee statesmen in the region of hides, nitrates and coffee.

Mr. BLAINE is accused of having wrung the Brazilian reciprocity treaty from Señor FONSECA by illegitimate means, and of having openly supported BALMACEDA against the "national" uprising in order to obtain a favorable treaty from Chili. The Señor further informs trembling Europe that, unless the Republican party is ousted from power by the Democrats, that party, under the leadership of BLAINE, will renew the reciprocity-coercion policy with fresh vigor, and that Argentina will feel the pressure of that great Yankee thumb—before she knows there is such a thumb—unless she joins at once with Chili and Brazil to resist Yankee encroachments.

Having thoroughly aroused the South American half of the "situation," the Señor quotes trade figures to show that France, England and Germany are deeply interested in the failure of the American policy."

Now all this "news" is cabled from Brussels; Señor MAXIMILLANO IBÁÑEZ becomes a name with which American mothers temporarily scare their American babies, and an able Belgian newspaper has a chance to display its diplomatic chestnuts in the American market. There was no need of mentioning the matter at all. What the Señor says is true, of course. Not only that; but we have taken it for granted all along, that all Europe knows it.

There is a perfect understanding between Chili and this Union. We understand each other, and are constantly enjoying a sisterly laugh at European designs on the nitrates. Minister EGAN is coming home presently to laugh the matter over with BLAINE. The little war-cloud of the last great American spring-winter was a ruse, a Homeric expedient intended to shut out the European vision from the inter-American love-feast which succeeded the Valparaiso killing and the temporary imprisonment of the American Minister at Santiago.

Argentina has not yet dared to show how far she is in this Yankee thumb-practice, being slightly under the thumb of European bondholders. But Argentina is all right. Europe may well watch her. Ask the BARINGS!

Brazil is probably deeper in the mud at present than we are in the mire. The wet season is upon them down there, and the roads are wellnigh impassable, to begin with. It is also strictly true that Brazil has made overtures for our friendship and our products, and we have responded and accepted—not coyly, nor with blushes, but with a good, straight Yankee: "You are our coffee-sack."

In this case, what is Europe going to do about it? Our readers need scarcely be reminded of the theory maintained in these columns. Seriously, European intrigue is at the bottom of nearly all the Mexican, Central American and South American revolutions. It has up to date completely nullified the will of the people in South America. It has taken a mortgage on the entire continent—a process that has all the profits and none of the losses and risks of military conquest. The Stars and Stripes are almost invisible among the forest of flags of all nations that float from the "ten thousand masts" of Bahia, Rio, Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso. And now, forsooth, England, France and Germany must resist Yankee encroachments.

What Europe will probably do is this: Finding us so utterly and unalterably opposed to any appearance of jingoism, the Powers will quietly dominate South America, until not only will the Yankee thumb be no longer felt in the South American question, but the Yankee flag, Yankee commerce and the Yankee nation

will be confined to the North Temperate Zone. The next step will be to make us feel glad of the chance to stay there.

What is the American Union going to do about this?

In the pursuit of mere commercial supremacy, great nations have fallen to rise no more, since the time of the historic Roman edict, "Carthage must be destroyed." Without the vitalizing principle of patriotism and citizenship, commercial greatness is an essentially disintegrating element in the national-organism. If we are to learn a lesson in the light of history—which is peculiarly apt at this time—let it be: That a nation may be too pacific and commercial for its own preservation, and that we can afford to lose the money, and even the "friendship" of other governments, rather than to be always compromising attacks upon our national dignity.

We are not in the pursuit of foreign conquests. We have neither an army nor a navy to speak of, and we are not a military people. But we can fight. We are not afraid of war. Our soldiers, when we have them in actual service in corps d'armée, are freemen soldiers. It would take a strong combination of three or four of the present military nations that curse the world to conquer the United States at home.

But, at present, we are altogether too non-military. With Chili, a war-like republic on the South, dominated by European intrigue, and a great military railroad, the Canadian Pacific on the North, in the control of our great commercial and political rival, we are, to say the least, not prepared for the worst.

There is some kind of an exceptional future in store for the world of nations. The increase of the world's wealth, the comparative absence of destructive wars during the last four decades of this century, the nearness of nations to one another, the rapid and inevitable spread of popular aspirations even among the most backward peoples—history, in view of these and other new elements in human affairs, cannot repeat itself; and it is absolutely impossible to forecast the future.

What not to do, like the negative of the camera, is the question that appears at the first impression. We must avoid entangling alliances with other civilized nations. Partisanism must not be allowed to supersede patriotism; the nation must not be as a divided house in international disputes. We must not submit to any wrong or indignity at the hands of other nations, strong or weak.

But this is merely acting on the defensive, and it is not our whole duty nor the more important part of our duty to ourselves. The American Republic began its career by taking the offensive. It even challenged the oracle of history, showing our fathers the pathway of the ages strewn with the wrecks of ancient and mediæval commonwealths. It resisted England's "right of search" on the high seas, and carried its point. It challenged the admiration of the world by destroying the old confederation theory of commonwealths at the risk of its own life; and in its stead substituted the *fact* of a representative government, with a central authority as firm as that of Czar, Kaiser or King.

We must continue to act on the offensive. We are the pioneer and the only stable, independent government in the New World. We have neighbors on the north and on the south that will be either for or against us—there is no middle ground. If these neighbors enjoy any benefits at the hands of the American Union, we must get our pay in kind. If the Dominion of Canada reserves her favors for Great Britain, she has no right to expect those neighborly courtesies from us which Great Britain is not in a position to bestow. If European nations can cross the Atlantic to South America and dominate that continent, it must be owing to our neglect. We need a vigorous policy of conciliation and commercial liberality in our dealings with the South American States. We need the Nicaragua Canal and the investment of more American capital between and below the Tropics. We must reach out for these things. If the nations of Europe can afford to sanction shady transactions and intrigues in South America, we can afford to fight them for supremacy with their own weapons.

If this be "jingoism," make the most of it!

COLUMBUS DID IT.

If there is anything entitled to respect it is an historical fact. In the presence of dignified history, even flippancy must keep a serious and reverent mien. It is within the schoolday experience of most of us that the philosophy and solemnity of history were the only essences we were allowed to extract from the consecutive or topical recitation of its events. The smile had to be repressed at sight of the King—apparent of once powerful Poland running away from his loving subjects, who quit fighting among themselves long enough to chase him with a crown. To dispute the facts of the text-book was treason. COLUMBUS discovered America, and who dared deny it? Our textbooks hinted at vague legends of Northmen driven from Norway to Iceland by contests between jarls or petty Kings: from Iceland to Greenland, and from Greenland to the North Atlantic coast of the future United States,

The inborn love of adventure, so characteristic of those hardy children of the sea. But the fact remained, in the older text-books: COLUMBUS discovered America.

This historical fact has been roughly handled by critical writers. The latest rival of COLUMBUS is St. BRENDIN, who hailed from the Emerald Isle. Before the Celtic Society, Historical Branch, of New York City, General BUTTERFIELD read a paper recently, which seems to point to the Irish saint as the most formidable claimant COLUMBUS has yet encountered. If the facts and the ancient manuscripts in support of them are properly arranged as General BUTTERFIELD presents them, a very neat first chapter may be introduced into our school histories, making the New World eight hundred years older than it is classed at present. The Northmen may follow—they usually followed, whenever they saw anybody ahead, especially a Celt. Let the Northmen follow St. BRENDIN. Next comes COLUMBUS in 1492. Then comes CABOT to the North Atlantic coast in 1497. It really took all of these daring discoverers to discover America—it kept them busy. But they all faded from the view of history, even CABOT, except our own and only COLUMBUS.

All honor to St. BRENDIN, and to LEIF and ERIC the RED and CABOT. They were good and brave, and full of that courage so becoming in the early visitors to the land, which afterward became the land of the free and the Dominion of Canada in the North, and the land of turbulent "republics" in the South. But they will not be represented historically at Chicago next spring, nor at New York in October.

It is a remarkable coincidence, however, that the bulk of immigration to-day, and the nationalities that make up our population, are such that all of the early discoverers are still typical. COLUMBUS himself, though he sailed from Spain, was a Genoese; not Spaniards, but Italians, are now coming in large numbers to represent him. We have Englishmen for CABOT, and, as the sister isle was then under English rule, CABOT, who was an Italian, by the way, must represent Irishmen also. If CABOT is rejected, the Celt may raise the banner of freedom and St. BRENDIN. VERRAZZANI, another Italian, is represented by the French pioneers and by the slight immigration of that nationality. HUDSON—lucky HUDSON—high up in the Four Hundred, has a representation of dollars and first families in Gotham and Haarlem. And last, but not least, LEIF and ERIC the RED have representatives in the great Northwest.

But, as for the discoverer of the New World, it is COLUMBUS yet. The man who carried around the chains of oppression, placed upon his limbs by the intrigues of scheming politicians at the Court of FERDINAND, is the man whose discoveries the World's Fair will celebrate!

CAN DOGS CONFER?

THE reader who holds advanced views on subjects of natural science must be gratified to see how the gift of language has been spreading since the Evolution theory caught the chatter of the Ape developing, first, into the "click" of the Australian Bushman, and, finally, into the oratory of Demosthenes, Dougherty, Depew, Ingersoll and Talmage. All living beings have latterly been endowed with speech by advanced natural science. They have not only thoughts, but habits of thought, and a language more or less articulate, from the all but silent protest of the worm that turns to the noisy objurgations of the obstreperous "worm of the still." In an age when everybody talks for publication, Evolution found it impossible to refuse to even the humblest living creature the priceless heritage of speech. That the dog can communicate its thoughts to other dogs, and even to the human being who has the talent for studying the canine language, is considered so solidly established that to dispute it places the guilty party outside of the pale of modern scientific progress.

As if to clinch the argument and elevate the fact of canine speech to the severity of a dogma, a dog story comes from Kansas which is so important that it settles the question—if it is true. Farmer William Seymour, living near Lawrence, keeps many horses and two dogs. For reasons which will become obvious as the tale unfolds, we will name one of the horses Stubtoe and the two dogs Tip and Tumble, respectively. Stubtoe was quietly grazing along the margin of a shallow-running stream, and near by was Tip, for Tip and Stubtoe had been "brought up" together and were almost inseparable chums. True to his name, Stubtoe did in fact do that very thing. Before he could regain his equilibrium he was on his back on the edge of the stream, "cast," as we say in the country. Tip "talked" to him a very little while, but concluded that now was no time for talk, and that it was all up with Stubtoe unless speedy aid came. He started for the farmstead, fixing in his mind the while just what he should do when he arrived. He found Tumble in the barnyard, soothing to restful slumber a weanling Berkshire pinned to the yielding soil by the unyielding pickets of a gate. "What is a weanling pig to our old friend Stubtoe?" remonstrated Tip, for Tumble was inclined to see the little porker either better or worse before leaving it. The squeals, he said, had become few and scattering, and had finally dwindled into what Tumble took to be a refreshing sleep. Tip examined the patient's symptoms, and found that rigor mortis had set in. With much show of professional hauteur he informed Tumble that he had been nursing a dead pig, and that if they both did not hustle around, Farmer Seymour would soon have a dead horse down in the pasture.

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They got their heads together. The result of the conference was, that Tumble hurried to the pasture where he kept Stubtoe as comfortable as possible by licking his face and making him feel so good that he did not plunge or needlessly throw himself about in the vain effort to get up. Tip found his master and brought him to the scene, where a crowd of neighbors had gathered. Stubtoe was soon on his feet. Tip and Tumble were the heroes of the hour, and the question, "Can dogs talk among themselves?" is alleged to be decided.

In deciding this case, however, a great deal depends on the dog—that is, which dog. If Tip was really in the pasture alone keeping company with Stubtoe at the time of the misstep; if he did actually hurry to the barnyard and find Tumble employed, as aforesaid; if the conversation, in an undertone, took place, as stated by a disinterested boy witness who never told a lie and was not in the scheme; if it was Tumble and not Tip—mark you—who then went to the pasture to look after and soothe the prostrate and plunging Stubtoe; then of course we must conclude that Tumble got a description of the locality from Tip and went straight to it without Tip.

But, on the other hand, if Tip went first after Mr. Seymour, as a sensible dog should, and attracted that gentleman's attention by his vain efforts to talk "United States"; if he—that is, Tip—then went for Tumble, rubbed noses and started with him for the pasture, where they both set up a yell that roused the neighbors and brought them to the scene; if Mr. Seymour, just remembering what he noticed about Tip's actions, went to the pasture and found his neighbors saving his horse, then the canine language is not in it.

A HAMPTON COURT FOR ACTORS.

QUITE apropos of the Actors' Fund Fair seemed the visit, and I made it.

As Holmesburg Junction is passed, on the way from Trenton to Philadelphia, look out the car-windows to the westward, and a half-mile away among a clump of oaks you will see a large, square, yellow brick building. It is The Forrest Home for Aged Actors. A beautiful place, truly; but it never looked brighter than on a warm afternoon of last week when I drove out along the dusty pike from Philadelphia and entered the pretty green lawn.

Repose is everywhere, and—silence. The tradition that actors never cease to talk shop is set at naught. You hear not a word. The grove that surrounds the Home is a study in itself. Many of the trees are of rare varieties, and not a few are of Southern nativity that do not usually thrive in our Northern climate; but, so equable is the life and so secluded the environment, that the magnolias are already out of the great hothouse for their summer season, in hale and hearty health, by the side of sturdy rhododendrons from the breeziest slopes of the Alleghany. Sixty acres of grass-plot surround the mansion, but a big farm belongs to the estate. A clause in the will of Edwin Forrest declares that all the lands belonging to the Home may be sold, according to the wisdom of the trustees, except the sixty acres immediately about the mansion, which are never to pass into other hands.

"Until time shall be no longer," here shall be a retreat, "for twelve poor actors, and no more."

"Welcome!" is the word that meets the visitor, when the great oak door is sprung; but, alas! you feel instinctively that it is the home of dead ambition. The mellow half-light that envelopes the interior causes a pretty window of stained glass, seen in a small extension to the southward, to glow like a sunburst. Outside, the buds are bursting with the awakening warmth of spring, but within is only the mellow memories of other days. Not an object that the eye lights on, save the luxurious carpet under foot, but has felt the touch of Edwin Forrest. Ah! there's a life-size crayon of the tragedian, as *Lear*, at the moment he was wont to utter the words, "Every inch a king!" At the foot of the long flight of stairs, easy as the flight of time, stands Thomas Ball's marble statue of Forrest, finished in 1875, after the actor's death. It represents him in all the majesty of his Herculean figure; and just behind hangs a crayon of the actor, at the age of twenty; and I cannot avoid remarking the similarity of the face to that of Sir Walter Scott's portraits in his early days. Hail to life at twenty years! Old age may be splendid; but youth, ah! youth, is glorious!

Now we enter a treasury of art as we cross the threshold of the two drawing-rooms. Half a hundred pictures adorn the walls of these and connecting apartments. A charming specimen of Meyer von Bremen—one of the largest specimens of this artist in America—hangs on the rear wall of the parlors. It is known as "The Children at a Brook." Two girls have gone to a stream in the forest to fill the large earthen jugs they carry. The temptation to wade in the water has been too great to resist, and a yellow-haired sprite, fair and pure as an Easter lily, cautiously dips her dainty foot—booted only in Nature's pink morocco—into the stream, shuddering as she does so. You feel the tremor in your own nerves and the shock in your own blood. Such a picture ought to hang in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where appreciative eyes could see it. The "First Old Man" and the "Second Heavy" would rather have the price in poker-chips with a "nominal" value.

Another large picture in that room is immortal. Gruen's "Napoleon at Moscow" is a life-size figure of the Emperor standing at a window of the Kremlin, through which, upon his strong features, glare the flames of the burning city. Were I asked to name that picture I'd write the one word—Baffled! The face is a masterly study of disappointment and despair, and the artist fore-shadows in it the terrible retreat of the Grand Army through the snows.

Why doesn't somebody with modern ideas of construction write a tragedy with Napoleon as its hero?

Near at hand is that beautiful canvas of Slingeyer's,

"The Christian Martyr," reawakening all the tenderest sympathies that inherited religious reverence have inculcated. I wonder if I can etch it in a few bold strokes?

In a cell under the Colosseum a young man lies asleep on a bundle of straw, clasping a rude wooden cross to his breast. The door leading into the arena where he is to be sacrificed to the beasts is slowly—gradually—is a better word—opening. The martyr's hour has come, for every seat in the vast amphitheater is seen to be filled. Through the crack in the door, where are the hinges, enter bright beams of resplendent sunlight that envelops in a halo of peace the face of him who is about to die.

It is a far more masterly treatment of this theme than is Gabriel Max's "Last Token." It is the contrast between earthly and spiritual love.

In these rooms are many pictures without record or signature. It is a sanctuary of buried fancies.

Look at that chair with the crown of thorns atop its high, carved back! In it Forrest, of immortal memory, was wont to sit when he studied out the historical associations of his dramas. In front of it is the mahogany desk at which he worked. How dark with age the wood! And the top seems spotted—not with ink, but with tears! Now, I can understand the crown of thorns, pierced with three nails. These emblems the tragedian adopted after his family troubles—especially after his famous action against Mrs. Forrest became merely a duel between Charles O'Connor and John van Buren.

How little we know of the human heart, though we believers think we have been studying it six thousand years!

But why linger in the past? The Home, "the Hampton Court of American Actors," as I have called it, is a delightful place—a little Isle of Delos, if I may venture on a dangerous metaphor. Its guests are far less inclined to harmony than were the nine Muses. A clever stage manager, so to speak, is required to keep them in line. Prior to the advent of the present manager there was a comedy, or a tragedy, several times each week. The "leading lady" was wont to abuse the "first old woman," and to tell the "soubrette" that she was no better than she ought to be. The heavy tragedian affected to invoke the powers of earth and hell 'gainst the low comedian, who, he declared thrice every day, "had been only a rope-walker in a circus." Of course there could be no affiliation between "a great memory of the past," who had actually played *Ghost*, for example, to Forrest's *Hamlet*, and the little, humped-back old man, who had held the mighty actor's prompt-book in many a cold and windy wing. Equality? Preposterous!

Curiously, it appeared that every guest at the Home had received some mark of attention—of favor or disfavor—from the Master! In the wordy race for precedence, it is said, a guest ventured to assert that Forrest had once savagely rebuked him for the manner in which he accented a certain line in "Coriolanus." And with what pride did the actor refer to the rebuke, not failing to intimate that jealousy on the tragedian's part instigated the criticism! There was only one man on the American stage in that day who could "read" the disputed line with the feeling that the Bard intended, and he was not, decidedly not, Forrest. He was, ahem—himself!

Not much was required to make things lively in "the Home" for forty-eight hours thereafter.

It is a triumph of genius that the present manager has restored harmony. I asked him how he had done it, and he let me into the secret. The day after he took charge he posted in the "green-room"—I mean on the library wall—a call for the ladies and gentlemen to assemble on the stage—I mean at the breakfast table—sharp at eight o'clock. Prior to that day the "heavies," and the "leading ladies," and "the old man," and the "low comedian," and the "first soubrette" had been enjoying their "bottle and a bird" after the play—purely in their minds, understand me, and in a strictly Barmacedian fashion—and had, consequently, demanded the right to sleep until noon. The place became a hotel. Meals at all hours was the rule. Indigestion, gout and paresis went hand in hand. Therefore, the new stage manager saw the need of action. When the company had been assembled, unwillingly, as a ship's crew responds to a midnight call to quarters, he cleared his throat and spoke the following words:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—We have no auditors in this playhouse except ourselves. The rôles we have filled we all know equally well. Each of us has played them according to her or his own fancy, doubtless—some better than they ought to have been played, others worse than the parts deserved.

Now we're all to live together in the same house. It is three stories high, and there is plenty of room. I'm here for the one, special purpose of making you comfortable. I intend to do that—and more. I hope to make you as happy as it is possible for mortals to be. But, we must eschew "the shop"—I mean, the stage.

In the drawing-rooms, and at this table, there must be perfect republican equality.

We are all equals here—until you compel me to assert my superiority—I mean, my authority. When I do so, you will not forget the lines. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, we will now walk in to breakfast.

Depew couldn't have said this better.

It was as clever a bit of diplomacy as ever was employed in any Court of Europe. Out of chaos, order!

To-day, a happy family. *Felix impavido.*

Ah, yes; even to the end. Before the trustees purchased a burial-plot in North Cedar Hill Cemetery, it had been a fancy of Forrest's that they should all rest together in a family group, through the long sleep that knows only a divine awakening. But the ground was wet and unsuitable, and now all rest together sociably and snugly at Cedar Hill. There the grave knows no distinction. The modest "soubrette" has exactly the same shaped headstone as the "leading lady," and the "heavy" is not allowed to crowd the melancholy "super."

Death levels all ranks, even in the theatrical profession; but he wears a gentler visage, it seems to me, at "The Forrest Home for Aged Actors." JULIUS CHAMBERS.



"I WENT INTO THE MINES."

A WOMAN WHOSE WORDS ARE FIRE.

(The First of a Series of Illustrated Interviews.)

LADY HENRY SOMERSET—a beautiful woman. I called upon her a few days ago at the Hotel Brunswick.

She was born to the imperial purple of luxury and ease. Every resource that wealth and influence could command was hers. Youth and beauty she possessed. Withal, the favorites of her own exclusive social circle readily accorded to her the badge of leadership, for hers was the brightness, the vivacity, the grace that wins all hearts. Hers was a positive genius for the enjoyment of the finer side of life.

The quality of mercy is not strained.

Gladly, without a pang, when the time came, Lady Henry Somerset turned aside from the princely pleasures of her rank and station, and consecrated her soft, white hands to purposes that pass not away with the flesh.

In His name.

A grain of sand may change the course of a great river.

It was so in one instance. One day, just succeeded to her estates, Lady Somerset was brought face to face, suddenly, unexpectedly, with the disgusting spectacle of a drunken and carousing tenantry. Other women would have drooped the eyelids, or turned away the head and passed on.

Men and women drunk!

It was no new thing. Therein was the pity of it, the infinite pity that found a reflex in the heart of the astonished aristocrat. Other high-born women, no doubt, had known of this vice of drunkenness among the farm hands of England. Some few such observers might have lamented, but certainly they passed on their way unheeding. Men and women had always relished liquor in Merrie England, and it is not an easy thing to break with the honored traditions of one's native land.

Yet one woman did take heed.

That woman was Lady Henry Somerset. It was as a grain of sand, this incident of the reveling tenantry. It turned the course of a whole life. From that hour hers were days and nights consecrated to deeds of mercy, justice and kindness, scattered everywhere in two wide continents.

And the grain of sand proved a grain of gold.

That was seven long years ago now.



HER IDEAS OF CHARITY.

Lady Somerset was telling me something of those busy, hopeful, happy seven years of Christian endeavor. They had brought her face to face with the saddest problems of life. Down in the slums. In low bar-rooms. Among wayward women. Among drunken men.

Where have those seven years not taken her?

She spoke of the mines. It was only an incident in a long and busy career, but it will illustrate. She became interested in the miners of Cornwall.

"Their life is rude and hard," she was saying, in her earnest way; "they spend their lives underground, and whenever they do come to the surface, it seems to be simply to enter on a period of drunkenness and excess. Their homes are wretched. Their wives, ah! what a sad existence is there! The poor children, no one knows what they suffer. I resolved to go down into the mines."

"Down into the mines?"

"Yes. I held meetings there for weeks. It was a weirdly picturesque sight, these rough miners gathered together in an underground shaft, a few lights blinking here and there, with great shadows yawning everywhere."

"And to-day?"

Lady Somerset smiled as her hazel eyes kindled with some happy thought. Then she resumed:

"They are all my friends. I call hundreds of them by name. They will work for me. They will die for me. No one is more loyal than a poor Welsh miner. If ever work of mine brought its own reward, it did here. Do you know what my work has taught me?"

"What is that, Lady Somerset?"

"The value of the little sunbeam; roses, not thorns; and, above all other things—"

"Yes, Lady Somerset?"

It is a soft voice that answers, gentle and good, and resolute, withal, and brave. Just a few words, but who can measure their depth? She is saying, just now, this:

"The mercy of God."

Lady Somerset has keen eyes for the tendencies and characteristics of our American life. Here is what she says of American women:

"As between the average American and the average English woman, I readily accord the palm for intellectuality and adaptability to our American cousins. But as between the very finest English women and the very highest cultured American women, you will pardon me if I say that I see little difference, or seeing it, that I naturally favor my own countrywomen. I was, however, greatly impressed with the women I met at the grand temperance meeting in Boston. I was told that the women represented every part of the United States. When I say I was charmed at the gentleness of heart and struck with

not confess to a sudden surprise, a sudden awakening, at these words of Lady Somerset? Again she said:

"I frankly say that the United States has been a great surprise to me, in the matter of the tendencies of public morals. I was not prepared for what I have seen. Let me tell you why: I reasoned to myself that here was a new country, where the rights of one are the rights of all, and where there is no leveling majesty between the rich and the poor. Now, then, New York City, practically only a hundred years old, presents a scene of much more pitiful contrasts, to my mind, as between rich and poor, than even London, with its sweep of unnumbered centuries. There



"IN FIFTY YEARS YOU WILL COME TO IT."

is more wickedness in New York City, so it seems to me, relatively speaking, than in London. It may be that the matter is more closely brought before my eyes by reason of the confined situation of New York, on her little island; while, on the other hand, London spreads over hundreds of miles. But, at the same time, there are species of wickedness in New York City that you would search London, bad as it is, in vain to duplicate.

"Thus it seems to me that, when, in a single century, New York becomes equal to, and in some senses passes, London in the lower side of life, it seems to me, I say, that the possibilities for evil here must be much greater and are capable of much more rapid development. There are no contrasts like those of New York City. There is no wretchedness that, to my mind, can be greater. And all this in the land of the free—in a single hundred years!"

Lady Somerset's ideas of charity are of an intensely practical kind. It is a maxim with her that to lead people to higher aspirations, they must be well housed. You cannot reform a man who has an empty stomach. You cannot offer many hopes to a woman who has to sleep on a board in a wet cellar. She voiced such sentiments as those, then went on:

"The tenement-house system of New York is something that fills me with grave foreboding. It is a crime against the poor and against society. The rents are enormous. Between the landlord and the saloon, where is the opportunity? It will be a great step in advance when the tenement-house system is swept away and replaced by something more humane. I ask, What hopes have the poor in this big town? It is heartrending. I saw a man sleeping on a board in a cellar. The board was slung across two barrels. There was half an inch of water in the dirty hole underground. This man was one of ten or more who slept there night after night. He told me he paid fifty cents a week for the privilege of coming there to stretch out, in the dark, after roving the streets all day. And yet I know that he is only one of a great army of the poor. There will always be poverty, no doubt, just as there will always be ignorance. But the awful depths of poverty, rags, wretchedness and tears, as seen in mighty New York, why cannot it be swept away?"

J. H. G.



HER HAZEL EYES KINDLED WITH SOME HAPPY THOUGHT.

the cleverness of brain shown by these sisters, I have not even told all. The white-ribbon women I learned to regard very highly."

Lady Somerset was telling of drinking among English women of presumed respectability; how such women thought nothing of stepping up to a public bar and ordering liquor, and what the prospects were for looser notions on the drink question here in America. Then she went on:

"In fifty years you will come to it. I warn you, to-day, it is only public opinion that keeps your great class of poor women, the women of the tenement-houses and the cheap homes in this big town, out of the saloons. Do not mistake me. I do not mean the outcast class of women found everywhere. These visit saloons everywhere. But I mean the wives and daughters of the respectable poor. I say that in fifty years the children of the women of this class will be as common in saloons as are the same class of women in England at this very hour. These women would visit the saloons to-day, as I said, were it not for the drift of public opinion. It seems to me, and I have studied the matter carefully, that the old-time barriers here in America are rapidly breaking away. Why? Well, for a hundred reasons. Let me crystallize them into one word—Heredity. The force of example to-day will be the inheritance, for good or ill, that will be visited upon the generation to come. Now, then, I believe, as a general statement, that the hereditary tendencies of this hour, among the class to whom I refer, are toward the side of the evil of increased and freer indulgence."

"Why, madam?"

"Poverty."

"In what way?"

"Neglect, scorn, selfishness, on the part of those who should be the friends of the deserving poor; on the part of men and women of means; by reason of misdirected endeavors, or by no endeavors at all. Do you think that such things are not without their fruit?"

Is there anyone to whom these sentences come who does

THE RETURN.

BY JOHNSON MCCLURE BELLOWS.

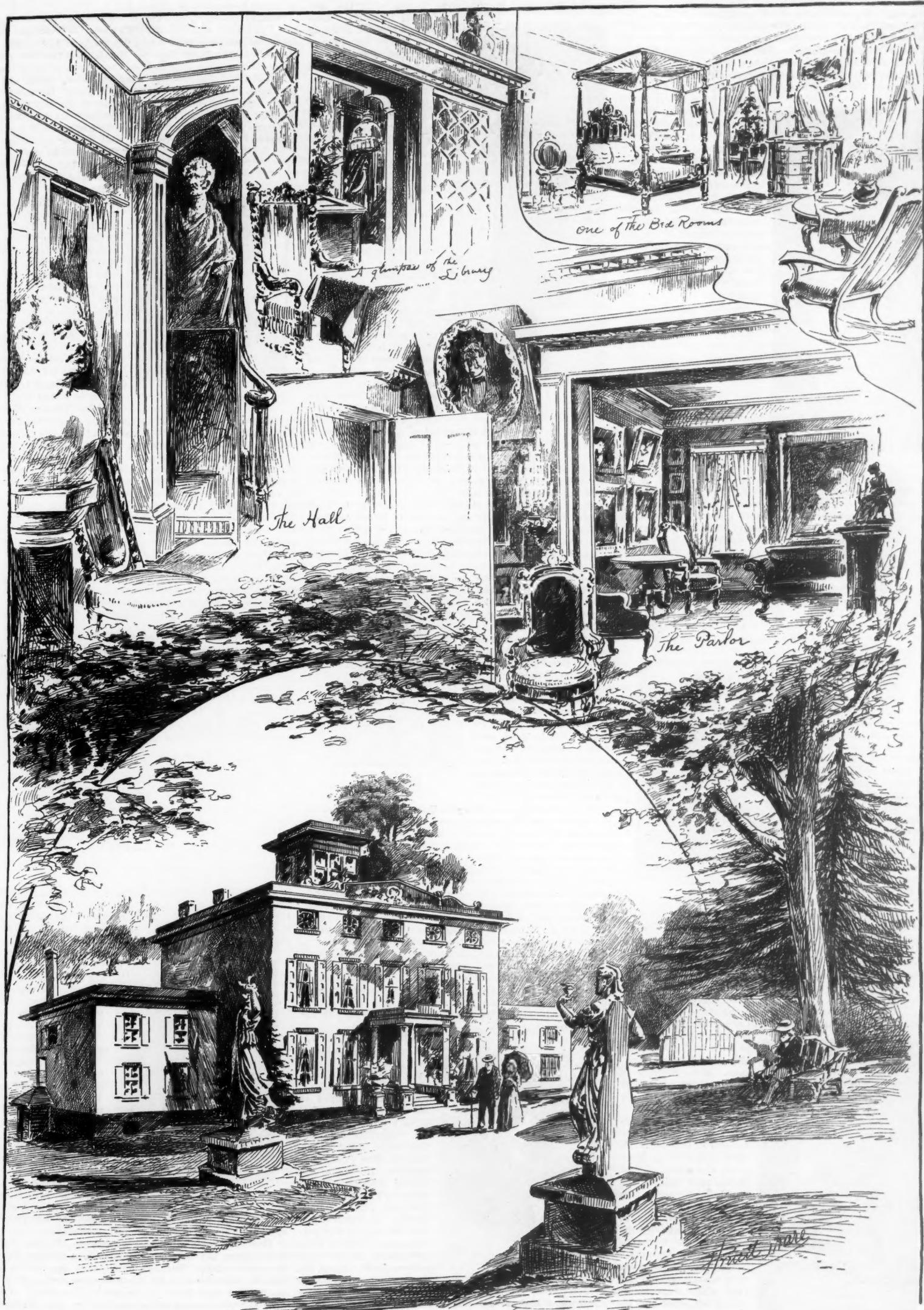
They say you are married, my sweetheart;
'Twas news, and I wish you well,
Though the bitter smart in my own young heart
Lies deeper than words can tell.

When they told me that you were wedded
I laughed at their idle jest,
For I thought of you, as the woman true,
Who loved me of all, the best.

And laughing again, I thought me
Of the time when last we met,
How, living or dead, you wept and said
You could never, never forget.

But, alas! what a hard, hard jester,
Love sometimes surely is:
While I faith kept, you laughed and slept,
In your newly wedded bliss.

They say you are married, my sweetheart;
'Twas news, and I wish you well,
Though the bitter smart in my own young heart
Lies deeper than words can tell.



THE FORREST HOME FOR AGED ACTORS.

[Drawn specially for ONCE A WEEK.—See page 3.]

CHILDREN AID THE ACTORS' FUND.

THE representative children of the New York stage give a matinee performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea," at Palmer's Theater, on the afternoon of April 26, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Actors' Fund Fair.

This is the first performance, in this country, of W. S. Gilbert's mythological comedy by a company of professional children. It was played in New Orleans last year by amateurs, the only professional child in the cast being

Miss Olive Berkley, who played the part of *Galatea* then, as she will in the performance at Palmer's. The ages of these clever children of the stage range from six to sixteen years. Little Walter Leon, who plays the part of *Agesimos*, is only six, while Tommy Russell, who will appear as *Pygmalion*, is sixteen years old. *Galatea*, in the person of Miss Berkley, is not quite thirteen years.

The performance will be gotten up through the efforts of Mrs. Louise Ditson Berkley, and the stage will be under the direction of Robert M. Eberle. Pictures of the little performers will be sold in the lobby during the performance; also beautiful flowers. Mr. A. M. Palmer gives the theater free for the occasion.

A child's figure, full of poetic grace—the figure of a beautifully symmetrical child—an oval face, to which her portraits do not do her justice; eyes of a remarkable blue, large, calm and observant, the steady gaze of which seems to impress the idea that one is being looked at by some double personality; very delicately-marked eyebrows and a complexion such as only children have. A contralto-speaking voice, low and measured, and enunciation distinct and clear-cut. The hands and feet of this child are beautifully modeled. There is not a tinge of forwardness or precocity in her manner, which is best described as quaint. Such is Olive Berkley. She made her *début*, at the age of four, at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, in "A Sea of Ice." She has played all the principal children's parts of the day. At the age of eight she appeared as a reader, in London, at the Avenue Theater. Her decided talent was immediately recognized, and she was taken up by the world of society. Her social *début* was at the opening of the new Lyric Club, London, under the patronage of the Earl of Londesborough, on which occasion she was complimented by the Prince of Wales. From that time little Miss Berkley became the idol of fashionable London drawing-rooms, reading and reciting from all the popular authors. She was engaged to create the part of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* in Australia, where her success was most emphatic.

In Miss Berkley's acting there is naivete, ingenuousness, simplicity, innocence and the charm of childish artlessness. She lays hold upon the heart, and, making that captive, treats upon her own baby terms with intelligence, and makes conquest of that also. Miss Olive Berkley undoubtedly owes her prominence on the stage to the very able management and tutelage of her mother, Mrs. Louise

Dickson Berkley, who is herself an actress of ability and wide experience. Mrs. Berkley is an American, and comes of a prominent Southern family.

Master Tommy Russell, who is the *Pygmalion* of this performance, was born in Montreal, and made his first appearance behind the footlights before he was able to talk plainly. When only two years of age he gallantly led the march in a performance of "Humpty-Dumpty." Soon after this *début* the child was given some further stage experiences with that genial and imitable character-comedian, Sol-Smith



OLIVE BERKLEY.

Russell. But it must not be imagined from the identity of surnames that Tommy is any relative of Sol's.

It was the smallest of child-parts that Tommy played while with Sol-Smith Russell. Then he was taken away on shipboard to the West Indies with the McDowell Dramatic Company, where he acted in such plays as "Rosedale" and "East Lynne." Returning from the West Indies, Master Russell was so fortunate as to make a great hit at the Boston Theater as *Arthur*, in "Free Pardon." This is the same play which in England is known as "Queen's Evidence." Tommy, like Lord Byron, woke up one morning and found himself famous and his salary growing bigger, while stage-struck little maids began to write him love-letters. Then the accomplished and handsome Madame Modjeska took the boy under her *ægis* for a season, and he found himself playing child-parts in a company of good actors and actresses, who made him their pet and who advanced him in the dramatic art. With the prestige of his Modjeska experience, the boy stars readily. At various times he played *Willie*, in "East Lynne," with Ada Grey; the *Duke of York* and the child apparition, with Edwin Booth, in "Richard III," and *Macbeth* and other rôles with Helen Barry, in "The Fatal Letter," at the Union Square Theater.

Tommy, now famous, began creating new stage characters which had been written for him by admiring playwrights. For example, the part of *Yank* in "May Blossom," was written for Tommy, and he invested it with a pathos which is not yet forgotten by those who witnessed it at the Madison Square Theater. The boy's services have recently been in such demand that he has played two parts, and at different theaters, the same night. For example, he would "do this turn" in the "Fatal Letter" at the Union Square, jump into a waiting carriage, rattle away to the Madison Square, and play his rôle in "May Blossom." This sort of double work also occurred when he was acting for Madame Modjeska and Edwin Booth, during contemporaneous engagements in New York City.

When Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's charming story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was dramatized and about to be produced in this country, Messrs. French and Sanger fixed their theatrically cunning eyes on Tommy Russell for the part of the little lord, and he was engaged at a very liberal salary. His first appearance in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was in Boston. On the hundredth night of his performance Tommy's heart was made glad by Mrs. Burnett, the author, who presented him with a handsome and costly copy of her book. Mrs. Burnett complimented the lad's performance, saying that she never imagined she was so much in the part until she saw Tommy play it.

Mrs. Frank Leslie recently gave a dinner party at which Tommy was an honored guest. He caused not a little merriment for the assembled company by saying that he wished to be excused so that he could keep an engagement to wrestle Master Lisle Barrymore at nine o'clock. He was excused, and the wrestling match took place, but it is not recorded who won.

Little Walter Leon is but six years old and really nothing but a baby in kilt skirts. He has marvelous talent, which was developed at the early age of two, when he recited in public "Sheridan's Ride." The little fellow is already a fine extempore speaker. He played the part of *Agesimos* in the children's performance. One of Little Leon's special entertainments is to give an entire performance of a play, himself taking all the characters, imitating the various instruments of the orchestra, the

dropping of the curtain, and even the shuffling of feet of the departing audience. He's a wonderful mimic. He acts with the grace, ease and intelligence of a finished actor. He has a curiously heavy voice and a most tragic stride. He is entirely unspoiled, not a bit *recocious* and



WALLIE EDDINGER.

is a healthy, happy little fellow. Master Leon is undoubtedly destined for a great career, for such genius as he shows possession of cannot die.

Wallie Eddinger, who played the Grecian patron of art in "Pygmalion and Galatea," was born in Portland, Me. He is ten years old, and made his *début* here in "Philip Herne," at the Fifth Avenue Theater, four or five years ago. He was the youngest child that appeared in the part of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, being but seven years old at that time. He made a very great success. He more recently created a sensation in Boston by his marvelously pathetic performance in "The Soudan," at the Boston Theater. At the Boston Museum he has recently created a part in "The Holly Tree Inn," and is now appearing in that piece at the Union Square Theater. Wallie Eddinger is a straight-limbed, manly boy. Very fair of complexion and exceedingly popular with his associates. He is full of fun and boyish play, and always ready for a sparring match. He is wholly unconscious of his great natural talent, and is as gracious and polite as he is clever.

Edith Widmer, the clever child who plays the part of *Cynisca*, *Pygmalion's* wife, made her *début* at the Fifth Avenue Theater, when she was four years old, in "The Vicar of Bray,"

a comic opera, under the management of James Barton Key. Later, at Wallack's Theater, in "The Silver King" and in "Rosedale." She next made a tour of the country, appearing in "Her Atonement" with Emily Rigl. She has played child-parts in "American Marriage," "Queens," "Beacon Lights," "Irish Hearts" and other pieces. Some three years ago she played *Hermina* in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," on the occasion of the first stage children's festival. At the second festival she played *Juliet*, and at the third *Parthenia*. During the past two years she has devoted most of her time to her studies at school, occasionally giving Drawing-Room Recitals, from the popular poets.

Little Nanon Fowler made her first appearance when she was two years and six months old, in a church, where she recited. She afterward played *Lady Teazle*, in "A School for Scandal," with a *Liliputian* Vaudeville Company.

She is known as one of the cleverest child-dancers on the stage at the present time, and made a hit in the production of "Cinderella" at the Academy of Music. She is only eight years of age, and a remarkably intelligent child.

Rosalind and Lucy Webbing, who play respectively the parts of *Leucippe* and *Daphne*, are English girls on a visit to New York. Rosalind's first public appearance was made when she was quite a little child, and from that time until now she has been

heard from the platform of nearly every town and city of England and Scotland as a reciter and enacting scenes from plays. A year ago she appeared on the regular stage, in London, at Terrace Theater and the Globe, but she is chiefly known as a parlor entertainer. She counts this as



GERTIE HOMAN.

one of her pleasantest experiences, that of being able to give her services for the benefit of the American Actors' Fund Fair. Lucy Webbing, who is twelve years old, is a well-known child-actress on the English stage, and her experiences have been varied. When she was seven years old she made her *début* in London as *Prince Arthur* in "King John." She played the title rôle in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" over five hundred times throughout Great Britain. Miss Lucy is a clever child, and devotes her spare time to literary work. She has published several of her stories and poems.

Gertie Homan, who will appear as *Myrine*, *Pygmalion's* sister, is a little miss who has been reciting since she was able to talk. Through her mother, she claims direct descent from Schiller, the great German poet. She played the child's part in "The Banker's Daughter" with an amateur dramatic association, but her first professional appearance was with the Madison Square Company in "Partners." She afterward alternated in the title rôle of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" with Raye Maskell and Wallie Eddinger, under the management of Mr. French.



EDITH WIDMER.

NANON FOWLER.

LUCY WEBLING.

ONCE A WEEK.



WHAT a glorious month this April is, to be sure! Easter, trout and baseball all make their appearance in it, so there is something for everybody except the man who can't get time to go fishing. After the Easter worshipers, however, it must be admitted that the happiest people, and the most, are the devotees of baseball. We hear a great deal about the courage and endurance of the men who go in search of the North Pole, or to look for the fine fellows who already have gone in search of it; but, between an Arctic ramble in clothes suited to the climate and a seat on a bare board in weather such as ushered in the baseball season all over the Northern States, the Arctic trip would be preferable and less likely to induce pneumonia. What is the threat of pneumonia or any other ill, though, to the man or boy who hasn't seen a game of ball in half a year? The wind may blow until his spinal marrow is hard enough to mold into bullets, but so long as his throat is not reached and he can howl approvingly or groan out his disapprobation he will stand anything in the line of physical discomfort. It is so square a game, too—no jockeys to "pull in," no selling events, no back-door arrangements. It will remain the American game, though the rigors of the season may send thousands of spectators to climes where, for obvious reasons, there are no opportunities for their favorite diversion.

At this season of the year all city people are wondering where they will go when the hot weather begins. Reports from certain expensive hotels indicate that it may be well to look lower than the surface when selecting a summer home, and to ask questions about all below the surface which cannot be seen. Fine carpets, beautiful furniture, handsomely-appointed ballrooms and first-rate cooks are all very well in their way; but choked drains and impure drinking-water can quickly deprive anyone of the ability to enjoy everything that a full pocket may pay for. Scarcely a summer passes without all the guests at some large hotel returning to their city homes in worse condition than when they went away, although none of them indulged in any dissipation. All this applies quite as well to the country farmhouses to which hundreds of thousands of city people resort every summer. There isn't a more unhealthy-looking class of people in the malarious swamps of the West than some of the occupants of picturesque old farmhouses. Take in all the beautiful views you can from the windows of the house you are looking at, but don't go away without first discovering how near the family well is to all the garbage-heaps and other nuisances of the place, or make amends by carrying your undertaker's card with you when you leave the city for the summer.

These are hard days for politicians—not for men who know anything about politics, and are trying to reform local and national affairs—but for the pestilent fellows who make their living by trying to control other peoples' votes. At least a score of very carefully-made political "slates" in various portions of the country have been ground to powder within the past fortnight, and more seem to be in process of destruction. The reason appears to be that a certain number of people have ceased to vote as they are told, and are carrying their consciences to the polls with them. This may seem to indicate a lack of respect for party government, but it is nothing of the kind. National politics should have nothing to do with the selection of town trustees, county officers and State Governors, and the sooner local affairs are distinguished from those of the nation, and people realize that blind devotion to party is one of the most expensive blunders that a man can commit, the sooner we will have an end of incompetent local officials.

Great republics find it quite as necessary as monarchies and despotisms to occasionally display their power to their own citizens; but when the United States of America becomes so particular through their custom-house officers as to detain a millionaire's trousers-presser because of doubt as to whether it should not pay duty, the United States are making themselves appropriate characters for a screaming comic opera.

What would we do if it weren't for the cold wave which comes every spring just in time to get up a lot of rumors that the fruit crop is entirely ruined? It came this year, as usual; but next summer, as usual, there will be plenty of fruit. Such reports seldom trouble the minds of country people; they know that a severe frost which kills half or two-thirds of the fruit-buds doesn't really decrease the annual yield, for nearly all fruit-plants and trees are the better for being robbed of the greater portion of the young fruit that "sets"; on the best fruit-farms it is the custom to carefully go over trees and pick off a large portion of the young fruit as soon as it is fairly "set"; there is not the slightest difference in the quantity, according to measure, when the time for picking comes, and the quality is so much better that it brings a far higher price. Until the same practice is followed everywhere, a late spring frost which kills a number of feeble buds is a blessing in disguise—to the trees as well as to the consumers.

It seems impossible to kill some men. General Armstrong, the founder and principal of the great industrial college at Hampton, Va., was said, five years ago, to be in serious danger of death from overwork. He recovered, and for a long time was the healthiest and most active person in that part of Virginia. Several months ago he suffered a stroke of paralysis, and had the melancholy pleasure of reading obituary notices of himself, published in anticipation of his supposed immediate decease. Now, however, we learn that he was one of the

attendants at a ship-launching at Newport News last week, that he spends nearly all the day in the open air, goes to church every Sunday and can move about sufficiently on foot to inspect the uniformed battalion of students, in which, as he has been a soldier, he takes great pride. Armstrong's remarkably successful career as an educator shows what can be done by a man of strong convictions with brains and strength behind him. His school now contains nearly a thousand students, and the buildings are so numerous as to appear a great model village; yet he began, a quarter of a century ago, with a single room in which were a dozen men, with himself as sole instructor. Most of the money that has worked a change has been obtained through his personal solicitation or giving proof of the success which attended his work as far as it had gone. All of the students are, and always have been, adults; and all are colored—black, red and yellow—negro, Indian, Chinaman and South Sea Islander; and they are a picked lot, everyone having come of his own accord because he wanted to learn for the sake of teaching others. The work has been unexpectedly successful in another direction, for it has won the approval of the South. Suspicious Southerners occasionally dropped in at the school, expecting to find a long-haired, narrow-minded Yankee teaching dangerous doctrines of equality; instead of that they found a handsome, spirited, genial gentleman who could say worse things about the colored race than they, and who made these very things the excuse for his work. The consequence was that the State of Virginia voted a handsome sum of money annually for the assistance of the school. If there were more of such men there would be less to grumble about between South and North.

A great deal of sympathy has been extended to the boomers who, in the past year or two, have been flowing into the new Territory of Oklahoma, and who, for several months, have been half starving and suffering in other ways on the borders of some Indian countries about to be thrown open to settlement. Undoubtedly a great many of these people left home for the purpose of bettering their condition; but there is less sympathy with them in the West, where they went from, than in the East. Contrary to Eastern supposition, the West is not at all crowded; not one farm in a hundred is entirely cultivated, and there is not a single county in the Mississippi Valley in which a farmer who is at all desirable as a neighbor cannot get, on easy terms and without much ready money, the use of as much land as he can properly care for. Nearly a hundred years ago, in his "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Washington Irving wrote a numerous and uncomplimentary sketch of the land-boomer of that day; for there never has been a time since the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts and John Smith's alleged cavaliers came to Virginia, that there has not been a large floating population moving further away from the settled country in search of ground which was more fertile, or which would be easier worked, or was near better hunting-grounds—anything, in fact, for the sake of a change. What will become of these people when all homestead lands have been taken up, is hard to imagine; but, to judge them by the majority of their number, there is material in them for the making of a race of American gypsies.

It is to be hoped that the many thousands of Northern people who have not yet learned that the war is over will see somewhere in print the statements made by the United States Commissioner of Labor about the increase of industries, capital and profits of business in the South. Just a few of these figures may be suggestive to such persons as miss the Commissioner's address. In ten years the cotton-mills have more than doubled in number and quadrupled in productive capacity, while woolen-mills, which once were supposed to belong solely to the North, have ten million dollars invested in them. In the same length of time the banking capital of the South has nearly doubled and the money invested in manufactures of different kinds and all kinds have trebled. Some figures lie, but these tell the truth; the proof is within reach of anyone who cares to look for it.

Circumstantial evidence, which probably has hanged many innocent men, has recently received another black eye. Two years ago a man was convicted of murder in the State of New York and sentenced to be hanged. His sentence was afterward commuted to life imprisonment; but a few days ago a dying man, also a convict, confessed to the chaplain of Auburn Prison that he himself committed the crime and the man convicted of it had no knowledge of it whatever, to say nothing of participation. There seems but one way to prevent blunders of this sort in the future; when it is discovered that the wrong man has been hanged, hang also the lawyer who secured the conviction.

Bronze at the price of gold is something to be astonished at, but there was a great deal of it at the recent sales of art objects belonging to the American Art Association. A thousand dollars for a bit of bronze which one could put in his pocket without disarranging the set of his coat was what one man paid, and many other sales were made at nearly as high a figure. All of the objects sold had been brought from Europe, and, it is reasonable to suppose, cost less there than they sold for here, which seems to indicate that this new nation of ours is beginning to accumulate taste quite as rapidly as it gets money.

What will be the next oddity in journalism in the United States? There are Chinese newspapers, but, on the other hand, there are a great many Chinamen; no one imagined, though, until last week, that there were enough people in the United States to justify the printing of a paper in the Arabic language. The editor-in-chief of the Arabic paper just started made the remarkable statement that in New York City alone there were more than five thousand persons who would read his paper, a few of

them being Arabs by birth, while the remainder are Persians and Syrians, all intelligent persons of both these nationalities being able to read Arabic. He further said that in North and South America there were fully one hundred and fifty thousand persons of foreign birth who could speak and read Arabic and who had no newspapers in their own languages. The editor, although himself a Syrian, is a graduate of an American college and so good a linguist that he has for years been a professor of modern languages. He admits that he will have to be very discreet, as there are many differences of religious and political sentiment among the Arabic-speaking people of this continent; but as he has read American papers studiously for a number of years he thinks himself sufficiently educated in the art of knowing what not to say.

Edward Everett Hale, who has for years been so active in a dozen different kinds of work, each very good of its kind, that no one has been able to think of him as an old man, has just been astonishing his admirers by celebrating his seventieth birthday anniversary. Mr. Hale has been preacher, teacher, editor, lecturer, historian, novelist, practical philanthropist, politician, poet and a dozen other different things; being a Yankee by birth and education, it has never occurred to him that if he wanted anything done he should look to someone else to do it. Whenever he has seen the necessity for a new book, a new association or almost anything else within the possibility of human achievement, he has set himself to work to do it. He has started societies which have members all over the United States and in many other parts of the world; and, in spite of managing a very large church, and with it at times a magazine or a newspaper, with two or three books being written at the same time on his desk, he has found time to travel over almost all parts of the United States, and to carry back to Boston the story of what a wonderful country there is outside of the Hub of the Universe. People from all portions of the country, and of all religious and political faiths, helped him celebrate his birthday, and each went away with a lot of inspiration for home consumption, for Mr. Hale showed them distinctly that in the case of a man who has still plenty of work before him the figures indicating his age are mere figures of speech, and don't seem to mean anything at all.

The Free Masons of the city of New York are wishing that death would be as polite as lightning, to the extent of not striking twice in the same place. For two men to have died, each of heart disease, in the Masonic Temple, and within twenty-four hours of each other, was a situation not to be enjoyed by anyone who is given to superstition.

What fun the Presbyterians are having among themselves over Professor Briggs! It is a little game of "now you see it and now you don't," without the sinful concomitant of betting, although if it weren't wicked to back theological opinions with money, there might be a chance for some profitable book-making before the fight is over. First one faction is on top, then the other, and nobody seems entirely serene except Professor Briggs himself. The funny thing about the affair is, that the moving spirits are not all ministers; some of the most determined on either side are laymen, who know only what they are told, and aren't sure of anything relating to the subject except that they believe as they were taught. And how amusing the whole affair must be to sinners!

About this time look out for drowning accidents, if your taste runs to that sort of thing, but defer your own pleasure-sailing until the breezy opening of spring has concluded. American lakes, bays and rivers are very seductive as soon as the ice disappears, but American spring squalls are as treacherous as Apache Indians, and drop upon friend and foe as unexpectedly. Englishmen begin sailing earlier than we; but the weather, most of which they get at second-hand from us, has first worn itself somewhat by tussles with foolhardy Americans.

HAWTHORNE'S LATEST NOVEL.
TO BE GIVEN IN A COMPLETE VOLUME WITH THE NEXT NUMBER OF "ONCE A WEEK."

"A MESSENGER FROM THE UNKNOWN," by Julian Hawthorne, is strong, elevated in tone, original and striking in plot, and has more of Mr. Hawthorne's literary characteristics than any story that has emanated from his pen for several years. It deals with a phenomenal villain, detectives and charming lovers; and the "Messenger" is a young girl who was supposed to have been drowned at an early age, but who actually fell into the hands of a trance medium hierophant. The young girl's father is swindled and murdered by the latter. When the murderer is brought to bay by the New York detectives, the "Messenger from the Unknown" appears on the scene. The reader who misses this novel will regret it very much. There are character-dissections in this latest and ripest of all Mr. Hawthorne's literary efforts which are worthy of the great masters of fiction. There is a magic, pleasing, and irresistible, in his communings with the unseen influences that surround us, and in the boldness with which the novelist shows the "Messenger from the Unknown," herself constantly watching over the brother she loves. And yet every situation, every artificial plot-expedient, seems perfectly natural and unavoidable, and the reader feels no inclination to inquire as to probabilities. It is a charming story.

THE WEEK.

Monday, April 25—"Be not simply good—be good for something."—Thoreau.

Tuesday, April 26—"Honest liberty is the greatest foe to all dishonest licence."—Millon.

Wednesday, April 27—"Be strong! be good! be pure! The right only shall endure."—Longfellow.

Thursday, April 28—"The best reward for having wrought well already is to have more to do."—Charles Kingsley.

Friday, April 29—"To me more dear, congenial to my heart, One native charm than all the gloss of art."—Goldsmith.

Saturday, April 30—"Train up a child in the way you should have gone yourself."—Spurgeon.

Sunday, May 1—"God's goodness hath been great to thee: Let never day nor night unhallowed pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done."—Shakespeare.



THE TOMB AT RIVERSIDE ON GENERAL GRANT'S LAST BIRTHDAY.
[BORN APRIL 27, 1822.]



PERPETUATING THE HERO'S MEMORY.

IN MEMORY OF GRANT.

THE ceremonies at the tomb of General Grant in Riverside Park, New York, on the 27th inst., promise to be more than unusually impressive. It is the birthday anniversary of the great commander, and if he were alive it would complete for him the allotted span of three-score years and ten. The illustration on opposite page depicts one of the pretty scenes at the anniversary last year. It is a typical scene. The little ones who are now half-playfully doing childish honor, and bringing choicest flowers to the silent tomb of this great, silent man of action, will revere him some day even more than we do now. His was a nature which in life called not for, nor sought, nor needed the applause of men. Time, in the case of such a man, does not bring the frost of neglect, but the sunshine of a consciously tardy recognition. It is true that General Grant was rewarded with eight years in the Presidential office—the first instance since Jackson—and that he has been hon-

ored and rewarded in many other ways. But at his tomb, on his natal day, the whisper comes to us: Let all be buried here except that he carried the flag to victory. No doubt he was misunderstood in all cases wherein he seemed to swerve from the path of patriotism. He carried to the grave the scars of victory, giving the fruits to us. He was weighted down with sorrows placed upon him by no fault of his own. So, let him sleep, not honored merely, but loved. It is a poor nation that has not one Great Captain after a war in which its life was at stake—and ours is Ulysses S. Grant.

SAID TO BE HUMOROUS.

EDITOR—"I have just been elected coroner of the county."

PRINTER—"We'll make some money now."

EDITOR—"Yes. Go out and shoot somebody and I'll pay you your salary."

NOT CHOLIE KNICKERBOCKER.

"DID Chollie lose all his clothes in a hotel fire?"
"It is. When Chollie was 'fired' they kept his trunk."

A CASUALTY.

WIGGS—"The iron-jawed woman wants you to send the stage-carpenter down to her dressing-room right away."

FUTILITES—"What is the trouble?"

WIGGS—"She switched off from hot coffee to ice cream, and cracked her jaw."

POEMS AS POINTERS TO THE PUBLIC.

STRUGGLING BARD—"Can you use this half-column poem?"

EDITOR—"Certainly not. Don't want any poems, and especially if they are long."

BARD—"But this is headed 'Boil It Down' and advises correspondents to be brief."

EDITOR—"Say, make a column of it and I'll take it."



It is not a very infrequent occurrence in the London police courts for infuriated prisoners to attempt to assault the presiding magistrate. Mr. Montagu Williams, who sits in one of the East End courts, often has boots thrown at him, and on one occasion he received severe blow in the face from such a missile. The habit seems to be spreading. Last week the newspapers reported a case in which a disappointed litigant kicked in open court his own lawyer, for which he may have had some excuse, and assaulted the reporters, for which there could be no justification.

Kyrie Bellew and Mrs. Brown-Potter will open at Manchester on May 9th with "Hero and Leander."

Mr. Gladstone has been in his place every day for the past two weeks, and has virtually taken the leadership of the House out of Balfour's limp hands, curious as that statement sounds.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's career in the British Parliament during the past six years would afford an instructive subject for a school-book upon the danger of reckless ambition, or it might fittingly illustrate a disquisition on the folly of not looking before one leaps.

Secretary Blaine is said to have entered into an arrangement with William Muldoon, the famous wrestler and trainer of pugilist John L. Sullivan, by which he is to receive instructions in physical culture. This may not mean that Mr. Blaine contemplates entering the Presidential prize ring again, but he has been induced to believe that regular exercise and careful dieting will do him more good than medicine.

A distressing accident occurred at Vincennes, England, recently, when Captain Middleton, one of the best-known gentleman riders, was killed by his horse falling and rolling over him in one of the races.

British jockeys receive large sums in the course of every year in the shape of presents from their wealthy patrons. Fred Archer's income from this source used to average over five thousand pounds per annum. Lord Roseberry has just set a new fashion which may become a heavy burden upon owners by presenting Bob Anson's baby with a splendid gold christening mug containing a check for one hundred pounds "to put in the youngster's money-box."

The great Mississippi Bridge at Memphis, costing three million dollars, is about finished. Since the completion of the iron structure at St. Louis the Father of Waters has not been spanned by any bridge below the Missouri metropolis. It is believed that this Memphis bridge will shorten the distance to the Southwest very materially and add much to the prosperity of that city.

Queen Victoria will leave Hyères on April 25th for Darmstadt, where she expects to meet the ex-Empress Frederick, and, possibly, her grandson, the Emperor.

Sam Small, in a voice that is anything but small, demands that the World's Fair shall be closed on Sunday, and threatens that all sorts of dire calamities will overtake the enterprise and the city in which it is held if his wishes are not respected.

It is reported from Monte Carlo that the profits for the "Casino," the genteel expression by which the great gambling house at that place is described, have been four million four hundred thousand dollars during the past six months, being a gain of nearly two million dollars over the same period of last year. Much of this is good American money, alas!

Baron von Ketteler is the recently appointed German Secretary of Legation in Washington, vice Herr von Mumm. Baron Ketteler is a bachelor, about forty years of age, and is already known in Washington, having visited there more than once on his way to and from Pekin, where he had been Secretary of Legation.

A very pretty young woman has just made her débüt at the Grand Opera House in "The Still Alarm." She is Lillian Lamson, the daughter of the California millionaire Lamson. The young woman, who has long wished to go on the stage, has had the opposition of her father. Although he refused his consent, Miss Lamson was not to be turned from her purpose, and, as *Eleanor* in the play, created a very favorable impression and showed signs of great dramatic ability. Her father will probably refuse to recognize her, but the plucky young girl hopes to attain such distinction that his heart will soften.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin, of New York, have arrived in Paris, and the price of spring bonnets and millinery goods may be expected to appreciate fifty percent.

Rev. E. Walpole Warren, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York, has just declared in his pulpit that he believes New York to be so wicked a city that he will not consent to be naturalized therein. He is an Englishman who apparently was of no importance on the other side, and came here to make a living, just as he might have gone to Timbuctoo. It is very gratifying to know just how we are regarded, and it would be equally satisfactory to be assured that Mr. Warren was accomplishing the same amount of good that he would have accomplished had he gone to the center of Africa.

Mrs. Jere McAuley, the widow of the reformed river thief and evangelist, has retired from the mission business. Age, rheumatism and a bad liver are said to be the cause.

The people of this country are in a constant state of tremor for fear Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., will carry out her threat to publish the love letters received from her husband. We hope not.

The Georgia dwarf, Major Hurd, has reported to In-

spector Byrnes that, during a trip from Rochester to New York, he was robbed by Barney Baldwin, the "Man with a Broken Neck." They came in a parlor-car, and besides the dwarf and the broken-necked man there were in the car a tattooed man, a fat lady, a living skeleton, a pug-faced baby, an educated hog and several dramatic curios who constituted the staff of a traveling dime museum. It appears that the Major and the "Man with a Broken Neck" became rather convivial during the night, and the result was the charge made by the former.

It is proposed now to pump coal-dust mixed with water through pipes from the soft coal districts of Pennsylvania to New York.

Chief Inspector Thomas Byrnes has been chosen to succeed Superintendent Murray as the head of the New York police. It is well known to Inspector Byrnes's friends that he did not desire the place unless offered to him entirely free from political alliances and complications. As the chief of the greatest detective bureau in this country, Inspector Byrnes has achieved a world-wide reputation. The coming in of Inspector Byrnes as head of the finest police force in the world should remind religious and philanthropic people of Mr. Byrnes's proved preventive of crime. He says the best way of keeping criminals from theft and their other reprehensible industries is to give



SUPERINTENDENT THOMAS BYRNES.

them a helping hand when they are "dead broke." There is scarcely a day of his life in which Inspector Byrnes does not give money from his pocket to thieves and other rascals whom he has frequently been obliged to suspect, arrest and punish.

Another of the sons of the Duke of Argyle has gone into trade. Lord George Campbell, the fourth son of his abbreviated and peppery Grace, has opened an office in Victoria street, London, as agent for the registration and leasing of shootings, fishings, moors and deer forests. This is another laudable example of the manner in which the impecunious scions of impoverished noble houses endeavor to earn their own bread.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale was asked the secret of keeping young at the age of seventy, and said: "First, never do anything yourself which you can get another to do for you; second, never trouble yourself as to who will get the credit for what is done; third, never work after three o'clock in the afternoon; fourth, sleep ten hours out of every twenty-four."

The former headmaster of Rugby, Canon Hayman, in an evil moment permitted himself to be persuaded to assume the chairmanship of the so-called Canadian Pacific Colonization Corporation, which, according to the words of the judge before whom the case was tried, was "little better than a downright swindle." The prospectus to which the reverend doctor had affixed his name was pronounced by the judge in court as nothing else than "fraudulent," and he has been condemned, together with two of his fellow-directors, to refund the money which was obtained thereby from the confiding shareholders. This, of course, involves the Canon's bankruptcy. As there are many American boys who have been educated at Rugby, the news of the fate that has overtaken their old headmaster will prove of interest.

The Italian Minister of War and several of his colleagues have resigned, because the King and the other Ministers refused to sanction a national loan for the purchase of guns. Italy without her gun is a very small Power indeed, and the Minister of War cannot be blamed for thinking that the King and the Ministry should either "put up or shut up." In the midst of the Ministerial crisis, Premier Rudini is called upon to form a new Ministry, and to look for a place here and there in United Italy where he can raise twenty million francs.

We often read in the news of the day about the death and woundings caused by a gun that goes off, and this phenomenon is always attended with a loud noise. A party of hunters near Ironton, Mo., have seen an exception to this rule. Roaming over the iron mountain for several hours without bagging anything, they sat down for rest and lunch. All at once—whether before or after the bottles were opened is not stated—they noticed their guns going, actually moving, off in the direction of a huge boulder. They hastened to the rescue, got their guns under control and moved away some distance from the attraction. The guns showed a slight restlessness even then, but at last accounts were resting easy. The boulder was a huge magnet. This is a magnetic falsehood, anyhow.

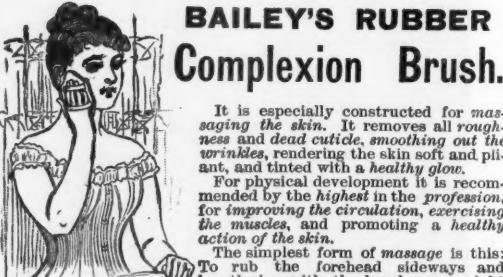
One hundred and twenty-five thousand francs has been

paid to the Italian Government as indemnity for the Mafia massacre at New Orleans. Though the money was accepted by Italy, with the proviso that its acceptance must not prejudice the judicial claims of the bereaved relatives of the slain, it is a sure forerunner of an amicable settlement of the controversy between this country and Italy over the unfortunate affair.

Few women of any time are more deserving of honor and renown for scholarship than Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who has just died in England at the age of sixty-one. After winning success as a novel writer, she took up the subject of Egyptology, and during the past twenty years she has held a good rank among the students of that intricate branch of knowledge. She explored the Valley of the Nile; she pursued her archaeological researches with diligence, and she carefully, thoughtfully and learnedly examined the wonderful relics of antiquity that exist there, and upon which new light is ever to be sought. Shortly before her death she completed her last book on Egypt, entitled "Pharaohs, Fellahs and Explorers," and a very instructive, attractive and erudite book it is. To the ninth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* she contributed a comprehensive article on "Recent archaeological discoveries in Egypt." She was a contributing member of the various Oriental Congresses held in Europe recently, a member of the Biblical Archaeological Society, of the Society for the Promotion of Hellenic Studies and vice-president of the Bristol and West of England National Society for Woman's Suffrage. In 1887 she received from Columbia College, New York, the honorary of L. H. D. In the winter of 1889-90 she made a lecture tour through the United States, speaking on Egyptological subjects. Miss Edwards was the daughter of a Peninsular officer, and on her mother's side was descended from the Walpole family.

The summary removal of James R. Young from the position of Executive Clerk of the United States Senate, merely to satisfy the demands of Senator Mat Quay, is a disgrace to that body. Mr. Young has been Executive Clerk of that body for ten years, and never was charged with betraying any of its secrets. It is not difficult to seek for a cause for this indignity which has been placed upon Mr. Young, and it is found in the unfortunate fact that his brother, the ex-Minister to China, and a distinguished journalist, has been mentioned recently for the Pennsylvania Senatorship. Just at this point some very pertinent thoughts occur to every newspaper man who has served in Washington and who has a good memory. The motion to dismiss Mr. Young was made by Senator Hale, who was raised in Chambersburg, Pa., and turned his back on his native State. All that he is in the world he owes to his rich wife and to the newspaper correspondents in Washington. He never has made a speech in the Senate, and is utterly incapable of making one. Senator Hale should remember the fate of Luke Poland, who, at one time, thought himself great enough to be discourteous to the faithful newspaper men in Washington; but the obscurity into which he at once retired so wore upon his mind that he died forgotten, forsaken and forlorn. Much honor to Senator Jones, of Nevada, who apparently was the only man brave enough to rebuke the haughty autocrat who hails from the windy stubblefield in the back yard of the village of Ellsworth. Where were Senators Hill and Hiscock?

Everything in Rubber Goods.



BAILEY'S RUBBER Complexion Brush.

It is especially constructed for massaging the skin. It removes all roughness and dead cuticle, smoothing out the wrinkles, rendering the skin soft and pliant, and tinted with a healthy glow.

For physical development it is recommended by the highest in the profession, for improving the circulation, exercising the muscles, and promoting a healthy action of the skin.

The simplest form of massage is this: To rub the forehead sideways and lengthwise with the brush every night and morning, especially dwelling on the tiny space between the eyebrows, where a "pucker" usually comes, and on each side of the mouth, where the "lines" so generally come. These are to be rubbed upwards, and after a while the whole face will become even and soft. This carefully followed night and morning will not fail to have its effect upon the homely face.

For the bath it will be found a perfect luxury by both old and young. The brush is all one piece, and as soft as silk. Mailed upon receipt of price, 50 cents. For sale by all dealers in Toilet Goods. Catalogue mailed Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

THE WEEKLY NOVEL.

Mr. Stockton's delightful story will be followed next week by a novel specially written for ONCE A WEEK by

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE,

entitled,

"A MESSENGER FROM THE UNKNOWN."

It is a tale of absorbing interest, dealing with a murder and detectives. Mr. Hawthorne's novel will be followed by one from the pen of

M. R. JOHN HABBERTON,

Author of "Helen's Babies,"

entitled,

"HOW IT CAME ABOUT."

Further announcements will be made from week to week on this page.

The publisher is engaged in making arrangements with the

FOREMOST AMERICAN AUTHORS.

for special novels for the subscribers of ONCE A WEEK.

ONCE A WEEK.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

[Each Department written by a Specialist.]

LAST week's sporting feature was the brilliant opening of the baseball season in the six Southern cities of the League circuit. In spite of the cold weather of Tuesday, nearly forty thousand spectators sat out in the open air and went frantic over the efforts of the ball tossers. The season opened in the six Northern cities—Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburgh—on April 19th.

It is too early yet to make any predictions. The double-season system, which I explained last week, is hedged in by so many "ifs" and "ands" that it will be difficult to get a good line on the probable candidates for League pennant honors until late in the summer. Still, several facts are undeniable. One is that Washington, Baltimore and St. Louis need strengthening in spots. The Washingtons lack pitchers, and are deficient in team play. The Baltimores are weak with the stick, and need another pitcher. The St. Louis team is captained by a player who appears to have no ambition except to make an excellent record for himself, whether his nine wins or not. As long as "Jack" Glasscock has any authority over Von der Ahe's men, it will not be safe to bank on St. Louis for even a place.

Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn are evidently in the race to stay. These teams are strong in every department and are in skillful hands. Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland and Pittsburgh make up a class by themselves, in that all are relying upon experiments. Still, as the season is very young yet, any one of these organizations may be found near the top of the heap when the proper time arrives.

There will be several interesting struggles between rival cities located near together. Baltimore and Washington will make the fur fly whenever they meet. St. Louis and Chicago, and Cleveland and Louisville also, have imagined grievances to wipe out. But the greatest fight of all will be that between the New York and Brooklyn teams. Both have star players, and under the control of Ewing and Ward, respectively, are considered two of the big factors in the race. Last year New York had nearly a walk-over in this series, for the simple reason that discord and insubordination completely undermined the work of Ward's men. But now the Brooklyn Club has rid itself of disturbing elements and has secured a body of players who are noted for their earnestness and willingness to obey the instructions of their captains. When New York and Brooklyn meet this year, blood will be spilled.

One of the features of the first few games has been the good work of alleged "back-number" players. Clarkson and Kelly, the famous twenty-thousand-dollar battery, who have probably been maligned during the winter more than any other men, began the season by a masterly exhibition of their skill at Washington. Then "Tim" Keefe and Roger Connor, whom the New York Club allowed to go, came within an ace of defeating the Giants on Tuesday by their own individual efforts. Keefe, in particular, showed that his arm was as strong as ever, and that he had not forgotten how to use his speed and deceptive curves. "Papa" Galvin, who pitched pennies during the Revolution, also began his box-work for Pittsburg with a victory. And last, but not least, Captain Adrian Constantine Anson, of Chicago, who, not two weeks ago, was pronounced a member of the Army of Glass Arms, surprised the natives of St. Louis by fielding like a young blood and knocking out a timely home-run hit. It's very odd, this annual resurrection of veterans. The League always begins each season with a score or more of youngsters, who, as the pace grows hot, gradually fall back and give the "old-timers" another opportunity to "play the game of their lives." Who knows but what "Mickey" Welch, "Old Hoss" Radbourne, "Deacon" White, "Big Chief" Roseman and other brilliant performers of years ago may not become infused with new life and vigor and appear once more in battle array?

THE TWIRLER.

AMONG THE FLYERS.

Anti-post betting on the big spring handicaps is confined to small wagers, and while one occasionally hears of a "century" being put on a short-priced horse, transactions for the most part are made up of fives, tens and twenties. The truth is, the book-makers will not accept a big commission about one rag nowadays, most of the winter books being small affairs. Suburban coups, such as Pierre Lorillard made in 1885 with Pontiac, and Captain "Sam" Brown the following year with Troubadour, are not possible now. Pontiac, it will be remembered, opened at one hundred to one, and when his rich owner got through backing him in all the big cities, he went to the post a six to one shot, and won as he pleased. Mr. Lorillard was credited with winning nearly a quarter of a million on that race. In March, of 1886, Troubadour was quoted at two hundred to one, and after one of his stable-boys had placed a five-dollar bill at these odds, Captain Brown flooded the country with commissions, and nearly broke two-thirds of the winter "bookies," so great were his winnings.

In the Brooklyn Handicap price-list before me, Longstreet, Pessara, Terrifier, Russell, Sir John, Longford and San Juan are marked "Full," which means that no more money will be accepted about them, while from twenty to two hundred to one is quoted against the others. Beansey, four years old, with one hundred pounds, has been lightly supported at sixty; but his best record at the distance, 2:12 1-2, with one hundred and twelve pounds up, scarcely entitles him to consideration. Banquet, who holds the mile and a quarter record, 2:08 3-4, is a thirty to one shot; but, even at this generous price, he finds few backers, shrewd turfmen declaring that timing on a straightaway course is never accurate.

The weather all over the country has been favorable for both trainers and horses; and, though the work has all been of a slow order, many of the candidates for Washington and the early spring races are rapidly getting into shape. None of the accidents incidental to spring training have, as yet, been reported; but as soon as stiff gallops are given the nags with dickey legs, there will be many less to train.

The Southern racing season opened with a surprise on the 11th inst., when Edward Corrigan's pair, Lew Weir and Phil Dwyer, were badly beaten in the Memphis Derby, at one mile and a furlong. The track was ankle-deep in mud, and J. M. Brown's Tom Elliott won cleverly by a length in 2:08 3-4: good time for the day. The same owner's Little Billy was second. Corrigan's three-year-olds ran high in flesh, and will do better later on.

The two-year-old filly Experiment brought eleven thousand one hundred dollars at the Wither's sale, Mr. Fred Gebhard being the purchaser. It is to be hoped that Experiment will prove a better investment than the Colt Canvas, for which Mr. Gebhard paid over twenty thousand dollars a year ago at the Hearst sale, and which has yet to win a race. High-priced youngsters are as uncertain as the cheaper ones. The largest winning horse in the history of the American turf, Hanover, cost only one thousand three hundred and fifty dollars as a yearling; still he won one hundred and twenty-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-two dollars in stakes and purses. Foxhall, winner of the English Cambridgeshire and the Cesarewitch in 1881, the Grand Prix and other classic events, was bought at auction in this country for four hundred and fifty dollars.

Jockey E. H. ("Snapper") Garrison, who expects to ride at the Washington meeting, is reducing his weight by long runs and vigorous gymnastic exercise. "Sam" Doggett, who will ride for Mr. Frank Ehret, is trying a new method of reducing, by riding a bicycle. "Jimmy" McLaughlin is also getting rid of superfluous flesh with a view of piloting a crack-a-jack in the big handicaps. McLaughlin's return to the saddle will be hailed with delight by all lovers of honest sport. Isaac Murphy will again be first jockey for Mr. Ehret.

GOLD AND BLACK.

WITH THE TROTTERS.

The thoroughbreds will not monopolize all the big stakes this year, though it is estimated that when the racing season is over in this country, more than four million dollars will have been distributed by the jockey clubs. The trotting magnates are following in the footsteps of their racing brethren and are offering a number of princely prizes, which cannot fail to attract the fastest steppers. Probably the most important stake is the Kentucky Futurity, which will be worth twenty-five thousand dollars. It is for foals of 1892, and has closed with nine hundred and twenty-eight entries. The races will take place at Lexington, at the fall meetings of 1894 and '95. The kite-shaped track at Independence, Ia., has also announced a futurity stake with ten thousand dollars added money, the entrance fee to which is only fifty dollars. It isn't so long ago that it took one thousand dollars to get a chance to compete in a ten-thousand-dollar trotting purse. Truly we are a horse-loving people.

Ground has been broken near Trenton, N. J., for a kite-shaped track one mile long, with a scoring loop outside of the main track. Look out for a smashing of records when the new track is open.

Jay-Eye-See, record 2:10, has won more heats inside of 2:30 than any other trotter that has entered the 2:10 list. He is credited with fifty-eight heats from 2:30 to 2:10; Palo Alto, record 2:8 3-4, stands second, with fifty-four; Allerton, record 2:9 1-4, third, with forty-five; Maud S., record 2:08 3-4, fourth, with forty-three; Nancy Hanks, record 2:09, fifth, with forty; Nelson, record 2:10, sixth, with thirty-two; and Sunol, 2:08 1-4, the fastest of the lot, has twenty-six.

I asked Mr. Robert Bonner, recently, how Sunol came to be so named, and how the name is pronounced. He said: "Sunol was named after a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is Spanish, and is pronounced Su-nol, although people who are familiar with the Spanish language pronounce it Su-nole."

It is estimated that Marcus Daly has lost about one hundred thousand dollars in colts at his great breeding farm in Montana. Five-sixths of the colts have died immediately after birth, and the best veterinary surgeons are unable to arrive at the cause.

Entries are coming in fast for the first open-air exhibition of the United States Horse and Cattle Show Society, which will be held on Manhattan Field, this city, May 9th to 14th inclusive. Liberal prizes are offered for the various classes, including thoroughbreds, trotters, roadsters, hackneys, coaching stallions, Shires, Clydesdales, Percherons, etc., also for four-in-hand teams and tandems; while saddle-horses and ponies likewise receive their quota of consideration. So much money is made out of the annual winter Horse Shows at Madison Square Garden, that its directors have undertaken this summer step. The usual able management will prevail, and hence a repetition of past success is certain.

SPOONEY OGLE.

MEN OF BRAWN AND MUSCLE.

The meeting of John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett is now assured, as each boxer has deposited twenty-five hundred dollars with the Olympic Athletic Club of New Orleans, as a guarantee that he will be in the ring on the evening of September 7th. If either should not appear, he forfeits this deposit. This is the first time that the champion has been asked to guarantee his appearance to punch a rival's head.

James Hall and Robert Fitzsimmons have agreed to settle their differences in a twenty-four-foot ring. They will box for a purse of twelve thousand dollars and a

side bet of ten thousand dollars, sometime in November or December. Hall is the only man who has conquered the middleweight champion, and his friends are positive that he will repeat the performance. It is likely that the meeting will take place in New Orleans, probably before the Olympic Athletic Club.

Snowden, the American champion, won the six-day roller-skating race in London, England, recently, his score being eight hundred and four miles. Screvin, champion of London, was second, with seven hundred and seventy-six miles.

Smith, of City Point, Boston, is at work on a twenty-one-foot fin keel, from a design by John B. Paine. Yachtsmen say she will undoubtedly be the most powerful of the fin keels, with two tons and a half of lead, a grand midship section and a big sail plan. She will be lightly built, but strongly braced. Her planking will be double, with the outside skin of Spanish cedar.

The *Valkyrie*, one of the many unsuccessful English competitors for the America's Cup, has been sold by Lord Dunraven to Archduke Carl Stephen, for twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars.

The Board of the League of American Wheelmen has awarded the national championship meeting to Washington, for July 17th, 18th and 19th. Several thousand wheelmen are expected to take part in the meet and races.

John Teemer and George H. Hosmer, who are matched to row Edward Hanlon and William O'Connor for the double-scull championship of the world and five thousand dollars, at Point of Pines, near Boston, Mass., May 30th, are training at St. Joseph, Mo.

The candidates for the Yale University Athletic Team went to the training-table, at New Haven, Conn., on the 12th inst.

The match for the New York State Chess Championship, between Showalter and Lipschutz, will be played at the Manhattan Chess Club in this city. Showalter, the present champion, is the favorite.

W. W. Heffelfinger, Yale's great football player and oarsman, has left college to accept a position as civil engineer on the Union Pacific Railroad. "Heff" was one of the greatest athletes Yale or any other college ever had. He entered the college a green freshman, knowing absolutely nothing about sport.

THERMIDOR.



Lord SALISBURY, the English Premier, is a tall, massive-built, corpulent man of two-and-sixty, muchly rounded at the shoulders, with a bald, high forehead and a somewhat bloated face, framed in a full, dark beard that is streaked with gray, and allows his thick fringe of hair to turn back upon his collar. Having learned all that Eton and Oxford could teach him, and more, he entered the House of Commons. This was in 1853. Being a younger son, with no income to speak of, he drifted into journalism and made his mark. After a few years, both his elder brothers having died, he unexpectedly succeeded to the family title and took his seat in the House of Lords, where he soon took rank as the foremost debater. Lord Derby made him Secretary for India. So did Disraeli. In 1876 he was dispatched to Constantinople to take part in the Russo-Turkish Conference, and, two years later, accompanied Lord Beaconsfield to the Berlin Congress. In the same year he became Foreign Secretary, and when, in 1881, "Dizzy" joined the Choir of Immortals, became the recognized leader of the Conservative party; so that when Mr. Gladstone resigned office, in 1886, he became Prime Minister for a few months. In the following year he resumed office, and still holds it. An Italian diplomat once said that he was a lath painted to look like iron; and it is still almost an open question whether he is really a strong man, or only a weak man with the gift of using strong language. He is not an orator in any sense of the word; but as a Parliamentary speaker he is singularly effective, and he can take an audience into his confidence for three hours and send them away with the idea that he has told them everything without having told them anything. In manner, he is somewhat surly, and, being also profoundly cynical, he is not generally popular; yet, withal, he is quite as cultured as Mr. Gladstone; but, unlike the Grand Old Man, he seeks relaxation from the cares of office in scientific rather than literary pursuits, experimental physics being his favorite study. He spends his leisure moments, which are few and far between, in his laboratory at Hatfield House, which is one of the glories of England. He boasts that he never looks at a newspaper by any chance; but he wears the largest hat in London, and is tenth in direct descent from Lord Burghley, who was Prime Minister to Queen Elizabeth. He is also Mr. Balfour's uncle.

COMMISSIONER GREEN B. RAUM, of the Pension Bureau, which is just now under the searchlight of a Congressional investigation, is a short-built, podgy man of rotund figure, somewhat nervous in manner, with small, sharp-set eyes, and a shining bald head set firmly on his broad shoulders, and wears a scraggly gray beard. He is fond of comfort, and surrounds himself with sofas and cushions, and other means of attaining it. Not long since he astonished a distinguished Senator who called at his office, by advancing to meet him without any shoes on. He explained that his corns hurt him, and that he found it much more comfortable to go about in his stocking feet. He has had a long and varied official career. He has a son.

HARRY FURNISS, the famous English caricaturist, who is visiting us, is a short, well-set-up man, thoroughly English-looking, of stocky build, with merry blue eyes and a laughing mouth partly concealed by a fierce mustache, and a tersely trimmed, pointed beard of slightly reddish hue. He has a marked air of geniality and a happy manner of talking, which stamps him as a jolly, good fellow. He is Irish by birth, and did his first work for an Irish paper long since defunct. Then he went to London and worked his way up the artistic ladder until he found the staff of *Punch*. There are three other artists now on it—Tenniel, Du Maurier and Samson. They dine together once a week in the old office. The table upon which the dinner is served is the same which has been used ever since the paper was started in 1841. Each member of the staff, on being inaugurated, has carved his name upon it—Thackeray, Leech and Jerrard are all there. Mr. Furniss now draws nothing but political portraits. Mr. Gladstone's collar is his pet delight. Everybody knows it, and everybody looks for it, for no picture of his is complete without it. The Grand Old Man also knows it, and when he was invited to dine with Mr. Furniss, delighted the party by appearing without it, having borrowed for the occasion the narrowest kind of a little, turned-down collar from one of his sons, which was barely visible.

THE eighth issue of Bates' Advertiser's Handy Guide is now out, in an enlarged and improved form. It is the "Advertiser's Handy Guide," as it presents in compact form all information essential to advertisers in selecting the medium which they may desire to use. Morning, Evening, Sunday and Weekly papers and Monthly publications, with their real or supposed circulations, and political or other characteristics, are stated, all in a sufficiently comprehensive way. The circulation of this volume will prove of great value to the publications listed, and almost invaluable to those enterprising houses who dispense advertising patronage. It will be mailed to any address on receipt of \$2 by the Publisher, J. H. Bates, 38 Park Row, New York.



EVERY woman has had the serene satisfaction of wearing her Easter bonnet. She has cast aside her sackcloth and gone forth in splendor, beside which that of the Queen of Sheba fades into insignificance. After the Easter bonnets, once admired and discussed, my lady, with the fabled fickleness of her sex, begins to think of the spring hats for shopping, for promenading and a thousand and one other feminine pursuits. Though she wear a winter gown, she must of necessity have a touch of spring crowning her pretty head. We give, this week, several pretty designs.

A chapter on hats! Generally speaking, the spring hats are very large and flat. There is a tendency to revive the turban, which is an exceedingly trying shape, and one only to be braved by young and attractive faces. Hats with "chimney-pot" crowns are very smart, but it is doubtful if this ultra style will be generally adopted. The Cannes, one of the most attractive novelties of Madame Valerie, the famous London authority, is shown. It is a coarse straw of a pistache-green hue. The "chimney-pot" crown is extremely narrow and bound with two bands of black satin ribbon, which tie in front in small bows. The brim is caught up here and there in somewhat eccentric but picturesque fashion, and small black ostrich feathers are set at intervals along the brim.

The Dorothy is a broad-brimmed, black chip. The crown is made of lime-green silk draped with point de Venice. A large bow of broad green ribbon is tied on the left side, and a bunch of blackberries is clustered directly in front.

The Continental is a very charming and picturesque hat of fine black straw trimmed with bows of black watered ribbon. Clusters of big pink roses peep out from



THE DOROTHY.

underneath the brim in front, and are also arranged to rest on the hair at the back. Small black ostrich feathers are twisted in among the roses, and the long black streamers at the back are caught together with a bunch of roses.

The Casilda promises to be a favorite shape for shopping or promenading. It is not unlike an enlarged sailor with flat crown. It is shown in fancy chips and straws, to correspond with any costume. It may be trimmed with a full fluffy wreath of tiny ostrich feathers lying all round the crown, and a huge ribbon bow with loops and ends bristling defiantly.

The Piccadilly is a desirable hat for traveling. It is of rough, coarse straw, trimmed with a rich, polka-dotted, dark-blue scarf tied in careless loops and knots on the side, through which two white quills are thrust in saucy fashion. This hat is very desirable for the seaside or for ocean wear.

A very popular shape is the Beatrice hat. It is of chestnut-brown straw, with the brim veiled by a finely-plaited frill of black lace. A cluster of lovely Gloire de Dijon roses ornaments one side, while bows of golden-brown ribbon and a standing, finely-plaited frill of black lace complete the ornamentation.

One of the smartest hats shown at the opening of a fashionable New York milliner was of a rough red and navy-blue mixed straw. The crown was round and low and the brim up-curved in a defiant fashion. It was trimmed with a scarf of scarlet crêpe twisted loosely about the crown and with long streamers of the crêpe hanging from the back. In the front a knot of the crêpe, a bow of scarlet velvet and a cluster of red cherries combined to give the hat a delightfully saucy effect. It was just the chapeau for a black-eyed beauty with a retroussé nose.

Another beautiful hat was of fine, black straw, broad-brimmed and flat-crowned. The brim was faced with pale-blue chiffon and the crown was enveloped in chiffon



THE CONTINENTAL.

in soft, loose-lying folds. A wreath of forget-me-nots encircles the crown.

Chiffon, point-de-Venice, lace, crêpe and flowers enter more largely into the garniture of this season's hats than ribbons and feathers. The latter seem to be reserved for the ceremonious bonnets. Many of the crowns are made entirely of flowers, the smaller blossoms, like forget-me-nots, heliotrope, mignonette, verbenas and lilacs, being especially favored, though crowns are noted made of roses and even of one huge, half-crushed rose.

The matter of streamers seems to require serious consideration. They are seen upon most of the spring hats, and the question arises: Can any woman, without respect to size or age, wear them with propriety? An exceedingly pretty girl was caught ruefully examining the streamers of her Easter hat. "I am not quite sure," she said, "whether I like them or not. They seem only fit for children or very young girls. I think I shall cut them off." Briefly, if you are very stout, very tall and thin or have passed the heyday of your charms, beware of streamers. They are a bit coquettish, and suitable only for young and pretty women.

To pass from streamers to ribbons and sashes is a natural transition. The sash in every form and variety, in every hue and material is again in vogue. It is an old favorite and we welcome it back. Sashes are very much used with cloth and other woolen gowns made in short-waisted styles. Faille, satin, moiré, surah, are all admissible. They may be tied at the back in a huge soft bow with long ends falling to the bottom of the gown, or be fastened at the side or in front. But this, again, is dangerous ground. The stout woman should shun the sash and wear instead a pretty pointed belt or laced peasant bodice. The broad sash tied behind is only suitable for young girls. Ribbons are used in every conceivable way as trimming. Bodices of evening-gowns show bows arranged in all sorts of fantastic fashion upon the back and sleeves and a trimming of ribbon tied round the arm and fastened at the back in much the same manner as schoolgirls knot their handkerchiefs about the arms to distinguish partners in a dance.

A superb evening gown is of daffodil-hued figured moiré, striped with turquoise. The skirt is bell-shaped, and the bodice is a modification of the popular Russian shape so becoming to slender figures. Around the low neck of the bodice, about the waist, running from the left shoulder to the waist and depending therefrom nearly to the bottom of the gown, is an elaborate garniture of pearl-and-gold passementerie. The skirt is finished with a full



DAFFODIL-HUED EVENING GOWN.

puff of the silk and heading of the pearl-and-gold embroidery. A huge puff of yellow chiffon forms the sleeve. Yellow aigrettes are worn in the hair, and a fan of yellow ostrich plumes is carried.

AN EASTER SACRIFICE.

MISS PATRICIA POINT D'ALENCON came slowly down Fifth avenue one sunny afternoon in mid-Lent. From the braids of her silken hair, which shone like burnished gold, to the tips of her dainty shoes she was the typical, well-gowned, well-groomed *fin de siècle* girl. Miss d'Alençon had just come from Lenten services, and in her pearl-gloved hands carried a dainty prayer-book. A great cluster of Parma violets nestled among the furs on her breast.

Old Betty Green stood on the corner of one of the fashionable cross-streets grinding a wheezy organ. Her scant, gray hair was tossed by the keen March wind, which crept under the tattered shawl and chilled the thin blood of the half-frozen old woman.

The eyes of Miss d'Alençon, proud, frank and splendidly audacious, met those of old Betty—bleared, implored, pathetic. Miss d'Alençon dropped a silver coin that she had saved from the ravages of the foreign missionary-basket that afternoon into the shivering claw of this poor home heathen.

Miss d'Alençon was one of the few girls who dare. So she stopped to catechize old Betty.

So amazed was Betty that she did not realize what was transpiring, and when Miss d'Alençon moved on, the old woman stood staring after her in a dazed fashion. A beautiful young lady had spoken to her, given her money and had promised to go and see her.

"She won't," said old Betty, cynically, as she wheeled the asthmatic organ toward Chrystie street; "they never do."

But she did. A certain block in Chrystie street relates to this day the tale of the wonderful apparition that entered Betty's dingy room one day, and with bated breath makes vague allusions to "tea" and "coal" and "blankets" which cheered the last few days of the old woman's wretched existence.



THE CANNES.

Easter morning dawned. On Miss d'Alençon's couch lay a marvelous gown of gray velvet and in a jar was thrust a huge cluster of violets which someone had sent the beauty, begging her to wear them for his sake to Easter service. Suddenly Miss d'Alençon's maid brought the disturbing tidings that an abominably ragged boy insisted upon seeing her. He had a message, he said.

"Old Betty's dying," he said, briefly and to the point. "She wants ter see ye, miss."

Miss d'Alençon gave one glance at the gray velvet gown and the cluster of violets. The Easter bells were ringing.

"Put away my gown, Zephine," she said. "I shall not go to service."

"Not go. mademoiselle?" spluttered the maid.

"No, I am going to see Betty—she is dying," said Miss d'Alençon.

And Chrystie street tells that when old Betty Greene was dying that the young lady from "Fif Avenoo," who had been so kind to her, came and held the poor old wrinkled hand clutching at the coverlet.

And admirers of Miss d'Alençon's superb contralto voice would have said that never did it vibrate with such sweetness and pathos as when, in response to old Betty's faint request for "just one hymn, miss," it sang out this Easter morning—

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day."

Hearing which and clinging to Miss d'Alençon's hand, old Betty died.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

TO CREME DE MENTHE.

FILL a glass with ice shaved very fine,
And pour on this some good imported mint,
The kind that wears the emerald's glowing tint,
A drink then worthy of the gods is thine.

After a sumptuous luncheon helped with wine
Thy teeth upon the crystal ice imprint,

And if thy heart misfortune's turned to flint,
This glass will melt it into sweet sunshine.

Oh! Em'rald iceberg, beaker of the earth,
From Ballyshannon unto Mullingar

Thou steep'st my soul in warm luxurious ease.

Oh! Bacchus lived too soon—in wildest mirth,
Could he come back, he'd face the shining bar

And sing: "An em'rald iceberg, if you please!"

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

FLOATING A LONG-SUNKEN VESSEL.

THE two-masted schooner *James A. Fisher*, which sank off the coast of Cape May Inlet forty-nine years ago and settled into the quicksands, will be floated soon. This is the result of the two fierce storms which have swept the New Jersey coast this spring.

When the *Fisher* went down she settled so that not even the main truck was visible above the sand. The high tides and heavy surf ate away the sand, and where the beach was formerly covered only at the highest tides the water is now about ten fathoms in depth. At the time of the disaster she had a full cargo of corn consigned to New York. The vessel is in a remarkable state of preservation, not even a bulwark being crushed in. The watches, shoes and clothing of the crew are still on board. The corn, although turned black, preserves the shape of the kernel, but it is now decomposing under the action of the air and light.

MR. GROVER CLEVE-LAND.

AS A candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Cleveland is much more than a mere candidate for the Democratic nomination at Chicago. There can be no dispute as to his being the representative of an advanced theory of politics. *ONCE A WEEK* has no politics, but it has no hesitation in saying that in the strictest sense of the word, and in practice, he is the greatest living "independent." From the view-point of the office-seeker, his spoken and written words, even up to last week, are a complete, though not a consummated, surrender of his claims. He is not even "in the hands of his friends." Wherever these are found—and they are in every State and Territory, many and solid in some, few and scattering in others—they are cautioned by their idol to go slow, though they are fairly fired with enthusiasm.

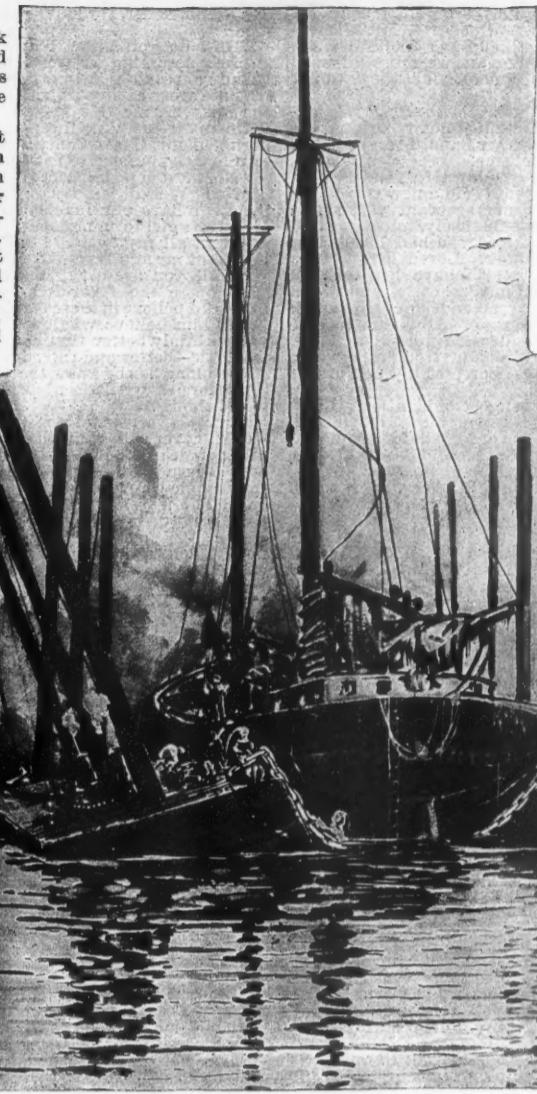
Under date of April 8th, he wrote to his friend, Mr. James H. Bible, of Chattanooga, as follows:

I should not be frank if I did not say to you that I often fear I do not deserve all the kind things such friends as you say of me, and I have frequent misgivings as to the wisdom of again putting me in nomination. I therefore am anxious that sentiment and too unmeasured personal devotion should be checked when the delegations to the convention reach the period of deliberation. In any event, there will be no disappointment for me in the result.

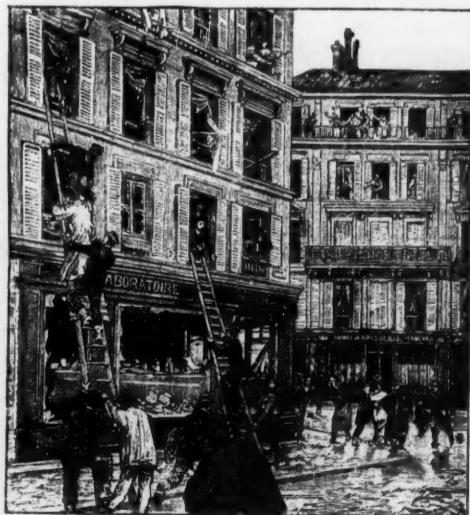
Anyone who has followed Mr. Cleveland's career will admit that this is true with reference to his feelings in the matter.

But how is such a man to be elected President? For, be it remembered, it was not the Democrats alone that chose him before, while many of them voted against him for the second term and caused his defeat. Mr. Cleveland is not working for the Presidency, and dreads the enthusiasm of his friends which may lead them to elect him, when it should be somebody else.

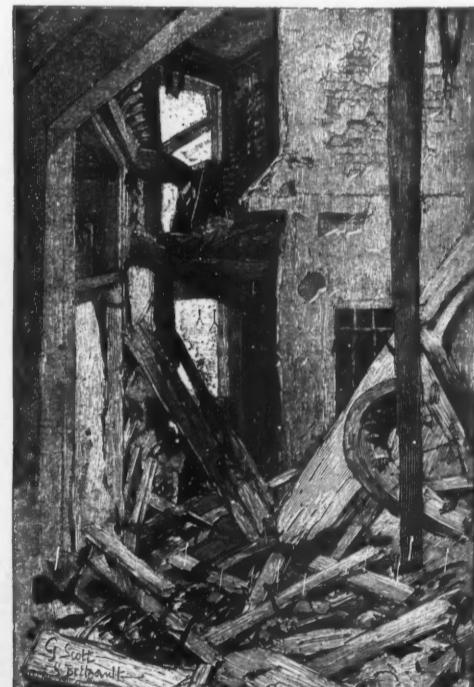
We figure it from a non-partisan standpoint that Mr. Cleveland must first get the Democratic nomination, and then he must poll the full Democratic vote, and a great many thousand Republican and Mugwump votes besides. New York State will hardly help to nominate him, and if he is nominated without her help, she will not help to elect him, unless Democratic harmony settles more rapidly down upon the Empire State than seems likely at present. That Mr. Cleveland could be elected without the vote of New York is at present within the sphere of the enthusiast's glowing hope rather than of rational speculation.



RAISED AFTER FORTY-NINE YEARS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.



AFTER THE EXPLOSION IN THE RUE DE CLICHY.



BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD FLOORS.

But the most formidable obstacle to Mr. Cleveland's nomination or election is the peculiar political theory and practice which he represents. The anti-spoils system, real civil service reform and a devotion to principle which did not hesitate to drag his party down to defeat are admirable, and much to be desired; but they are not effective politics at present.

And yet a political campaign this fall—short, sharp and free from rancor—in which these three factors could be kept prominently to the front, might awaken in the great body of young American voters a desire to see them tried for four years under Grover Cleveland. It would be an experiment worth a trial. It might cause to dawn upon us an exceptionally bright career for truly representative Government. It would raise the standard of morals in municipal and State politics.

THE REFORM BY DYNAMITE.

AS STATED last week, Paris has been suffering from a visitation of the dynamiters. The social shock has been very great. After the explosion in the Boulevard Saint Germain, it was supposed that the trouble would cease; but it broke out again in the Rue de Clichy, where an immense apartment-house was practically destroyed by a bomb, exploded on the stairway. Our illustrations give an accurate idea of the devastation caused. The house stood on the corner of two streets, was five stories in height and was filled with people. So great was the shock that glass was broken on the opposite side of the street for a distance of a block away. The inmates of the house had to be rescued from the windows by the pompiers, because the stairways were utterly destroyed.

The motive for this crime is difficult to find; but the impression is general that the dynamiter knew that the Procureur-General, M. Bulot, who was active in the recent trials of the Anarchists, dwelt there. Such was the fact, at any rate, because he occupied the fifth floor in the building; but he escaped uninjured, and of all the apartments in the house his was the least damaged.

Where will the dynamite lightning strike next?

NOT IN DUTY BOUND.

AN Englishman who holds a clerkship in one of the prominent shipping houses of Philadelphia, says the *Press*, has for years imported his clothes from London, yet has never paid any duty and never smuggled them in. At least he has never smuggled them in the usual ways adopted by those who don't see the point of paying Uncle Samuel for the privilege of wearing English clothing. His plan is a simple one, but it is not likely to be followed by many imitators. He has a friend on the other side who is a tailor, and he mails as a sample of cloth one leg of a pair of trousers, half of a waistcoat, the sleeve of a coat or half the back, and the parcel is marked "sample," and comes wrapped in thick brown paper opened at one end. Sometimes it takes a month or six weeks for a full suit to arrive, part coming via New York and occasionally a part via Boston. The parts are then sewed together by a tailor here and the suit is complete. Only once in six years has a parcel been lost in transit, and it was half the back of a coat made of a peculiar shade of blue cloth which the English clerk could not match. He had the rest dyed black and got sufficient black cloth from a local dealer to finish the garment.

OUGHT TO BE FUNNY.

"WELL, the editor died last night."
"Leave any property?"
"Yes. One hand-press, one water-bucket, two cases of type, a stove, a subscription-book and one year's rent. But everything in his wife's name!"

A LEGAL FICTION.

LAWYER—"Well, we got the best of them this time. You have been sentenced to ninety-nine years in prison."

CONVICT—"Ninety-nine years! Why, I'll be dead before I have served half of it."

"Yes; that is where you get the best of 'em."

THE FIBS OF FLIRTING.

TO TELL a woman you love her without doing so, and then to love her without telling her so, is the Alpha and Omega of flirting.



SCENE ON THE STAIRWAY.

ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.
BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).

HER voice and face had changed again. When she asked me whether I believed in the affinity of souls, it had been all brightness and eagerness; now I had disappointed her by letting her question pass almost unanswered, and she let me see it. She did not look at me as she spoke: and when she had finished, she leant forward, her elbow on her knee and her cheek resting upon the palm of her hand—and so, for some moments, she remained.

Then, suddenly, I saw the rich color flush her cheeks; she looked up, her eyes shining like diamonds.

"I am utterly, utterly selfish and bad!" she said. "And I would have given five hundred pounds rather than this should have happened. Miss Moore, free, is bound to cross my path. She cannot help it: it is destiny. But if she comes between me and my hopes again, I—Mr. Dickenson, I am talking wildly, I know. I am upset. I told you I loved her and hated her. She came between me and everything once: I feel that she is going to do so again, and I—I cannot bear it."

"But how?" I said, puzzled, and wishing that even beautiful women would not come and make scenes in my office.

"Because—" she said, quickly; then paused a moment and went on more quietly: "I must get you to help me in this. But promise me, Mr. Dickenson—promise me that you will steel your heart against Miss Moore. Believe me, it would be suicidal for you to love her!"

I laughed a little; it was partly forced, partly the outcome of excitement.

"I have seen many beautiful faces in my time," I said, "and have not fallen a victim to each. You ladies, Mrs. Towlinson, make no greater mistake than to think that a man must of necessity love a woman because she is lovely. I have known men, who have passed untouched through the ranks of loveliness, worship madly women who, so far as facial beauty went, were singularly unfavored. Admiration and love are quite distinct, though one often follows the other; but surely not always, or a man would be loving seven or eight women at the same time!"

"You have not seen Miss Moore," she said, quite sadly, "or you would not wonder that I fear. I am beautiful, I know. If I cared to use them, I know all the little arts which attract a man. I am not ashamed to say, that when I found myself losing ground with Mr. Grey I tried my hardest to keep his love, but it was no good. Without effort, without the wish to do so, with the simple loveliness of her face and voice, she took him from me. Can you be surprised that I fear for you?"

"He was an old man," I said, smiling, not knowing what else to say. "Old men's hearts are very easily captured by youthful loveliness; while younger men often prefer someone more mature."

I was sorry for them as soon as the words were said. By the tender look in her eyes, I felt sure that she thought my words had some deeper meaning than ever I meant to give them.

"Then I need not worry?" she said, with a radiant smile.

"I think not," I answered, coldly. "I am in no danger of falling in love. And I will let you know if the detective whom you wish me to employ hears anything of Miss Moore."

She rose from her seat and held out her hand.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

"That means that I am to go, does it not?" she said. "Good-bye, Mr. Dickenson. If I have talked like a foolish woman to-day, forgive me; but we must all open our hearts to someone, or they would break."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Towlinson," I answered; and, certainly not returning the warm pressure of her hand, I rang for the clerk, and she left me.

Then again I sat down to think. Mrs. Towlinson had shown me a new side to her character. The maid-servant was right: she was jealous—intensely, unreasonably jealous. As she said, she had loved Miss Moore and hated her. Loved her, perhaps as the woman which gave her such an ascendancy over men's hearts, and hated her for that very ascendancy. No doubt she had been jealous of her in the bygone days, before the dread tragedy; and yet, when her rival was in trouble, she had worked, as others expressed it, like a nigger for her freedom.

She was a strange combination. I had thought her all softness; now I had discovered she could be hard indeed. And yet, though she said she hated Miss Moore, she was evidently anxious about her; anxious to find her and protect her; willing to get her out of the country, beyond the chance of being retaken.

I went slowly through all she had said since she had entered my office. At first there had been nothing but anxiety for Miss Moore in her heart. It was not until I suggested, that when found I should see her, that the demon jealousy leaped up.

Then she had changed; she had grown passionate, her self-restraint had left her. And yet the curious outbreak of words, "I am utterly, utterly bad and selfish," showed that while she could not fight and conquer the feeling, she despised herself for it.

"A strange woman," I said to myself, "and one who might, perhaps, kill a successful rival in a sudden outburst of temper! If it had been Miss Moore who had been killed, now—"

I paused a moment in my thoughts. Miss Moore's words came back to me:

"I cannot prove it, but I am certain that Mrs. Towlinson committed the murder."

Was it possible? For a moment I entertained the idea, and then put it away. By killing Mr. Grey, Mrs. Towlinson would have gained nothing. He was the man whom, whether she loved him or no, she had certainly wished to marry. Had murderer entered her heart, she would have killed her rival. No; my original idea was right: Mr. Croft had murdered his master.

With regard to Mrs. Towlinson's wish that I should employ someone to look for Miss Moore, I could do nothing. I certainly would not be instrumental in increasing the number of those who were hunting for the woman I loved. I must avoid seeing Mrs. Towlinson when possible; and when not possible, I must draw upon my imagination as to the details of what I had done.

I rang my bell, and the boy answered it.

"Would you remember that lady if she came again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"Very well," I said. "I am doing something for her now, and, like all ladies, she is impatient; so, if she comes again before I am ready to see her—and I'll let you know when I am—mind, I am out."

"Even if you are in, sir?"

"Yes, of course!"

At mid-day, Stone, apparently recovered from his bad temper, came into the office, and we went out to luncheon together. Evidently they were no nearer finding Miss Moore, and not a little discouraged with their want of success.

"I should give it up," I said; "or, at all events, go back to Widelands, and look for her there."

"Much good that would do!" Stone said. "She is in London right enough, or was at Waterloo Station at half-past eight last night. Several of the porters saw her, and noticed her for her more than ordinary beauty. Even porters are men."

"And the cabmen, can't any of them tell you anything about her?"

"She did not take a cab," Stone returned, "she walked out of the station. Good heavens! it is horrible, not knowing what has become of her! Dickenson, if, as you

say, you love her, I wonder you are not half mad!"

"How do you know I am not?" I answered, assuming a worried expression. "And you and I are not the only people who are worried about her. Mrs. Towlinson was with me this morning, and she is quite upset to think the poor girl is wandering about, Heaven only knows where."

"She has not gone to her then?"

"No, most certainly she is not."

"No! Well, it is no good talking about it. Let's have our luncheon, and try and forget the girl for a moment."

"With all my heart," I said; and Stone looked at me and laughed.

"Well, you are a rum fellow!" he said. "I suppose the fever-dream is over? I never did believe in these sudden passions."

I let him believe whatever he chose. It was certainly better that he should think me fickle—better and safer for Miss Moore. And so long as she knew that I loved her, it mattered very little what the rest of the world thought.

Almost it seemed to me that the day would never end, that the evening would never come; but, like all other days, it was over at last. The light died, the shadow of the Temple Church grew darker and darker. I left my offices, crossed again to my chambers, donned my warmest coat and started for Wood Green. The journey was no different from the last I had taken there; and Phono's bark welcomed me when I reached the gate, which, as before, Mary opened.

"I am very glad you have come, sir," she said. "My brother has been very unwell for the last day or two; and he has been looking for you—seemed to expect you."

"Then it must have been only as I expected me before," I answered; "for he certainly had given me no invitation until I received the one to-day. I am sorry to hear that he is unwell; what is the matter with him?"

"Nothing, that the doctors can name," she answered. "It seems a ridiculous thing to say of an old man, I know; but I believe that he is dying of a broken heart."

"Or a guilty conscience?" I said to myself.

I followed her into the house—Phono close to my heels—left my coat and hat in the hall, and went into the drawing-room.

Mr. Croft was sitting by the fire; a third easy-chair was drawn up. The old man did not rise from his seat, but stretched out his hand.

"So you have come again at last," he said. "I began to give you up. You are a terrible one to keep people in suspense, Mr. Dickenson."

"I am very sorry," I said, looking at him, and noticing that he had grown older, thinner, whiter, even in the short time since last I had seen him; wilder, too, about the eyes. "I did not know that you wished to see me; you did not write."

"But the magnetic current," he answered, dreamily—"did you not feel it?"

"No," I answered, feeling slightly mystified: "or perhaps I felt it, and did not know what it meant."

"Perhaps," he said—"perhaps. But it is sapping away my strength, it is drawing her to me. And you—it brought you here that first time, Mr. Dickenson. Do you know," lifting his strange, bright eyes to mine, "that we three shall stand together in this room one day, drawn together by ani-

mal magnetism—my magnetism, my life? I told you I ought to have a pretty niece for you to marry, when first you came here; but you shall do better than that. Mad! She is no more mad than you and I. She never was mad. My angel, my angel! and I shall never see her again. Magnetism—bosh! Look at me—a waste, a wreck! Can my magnetism draw her through locked doors, through barred windows? Can my magnetism help her to elude the vigilance of paid jailers? Magnetism—humbug! Who put the word in my mouth? I shall never see her again; but I shall hear her voice: thank God, they can't imprison that! I have it safe and free!"

He rose from his chair as he spoke; his pale cheeks flushed, his eyes flashed; once he shook his fist—he was madder than ever.

"Play to me," he said, growing suddenly calm. "It's agony, exquisite agony to listen; but sing and play."

And so I sat down and sang and played to him, my thoughts busy all the while. Not until after dinner would I tell him that Miss Moore had escaped from the asylum. He was old and weak, and it would be a shock to him—though a shock of joy. Then, if possible, I would draw from him the confession that he had committed the crime; though—remembering what he was now, mad beyond a doubt—his unsupported confession would be but little good. I must get other evidence; but what evidence, and from whom?

Suddenly as I played and sang, almost

(Continued on page 15.)

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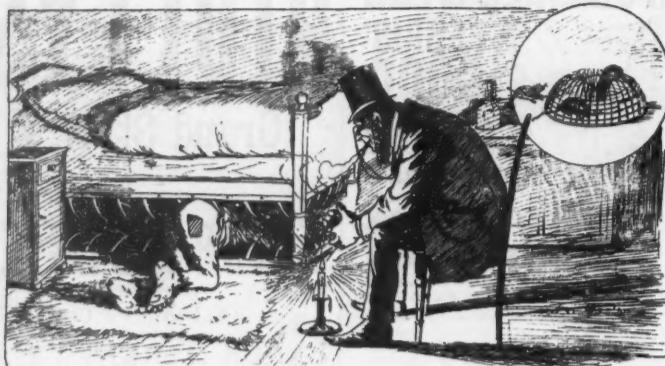
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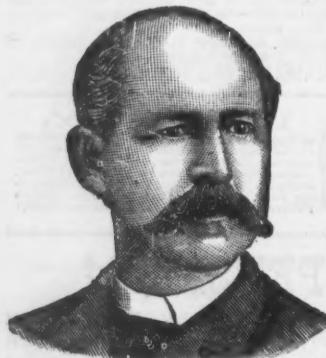
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